VOL. CCXXXIII, No. 3037
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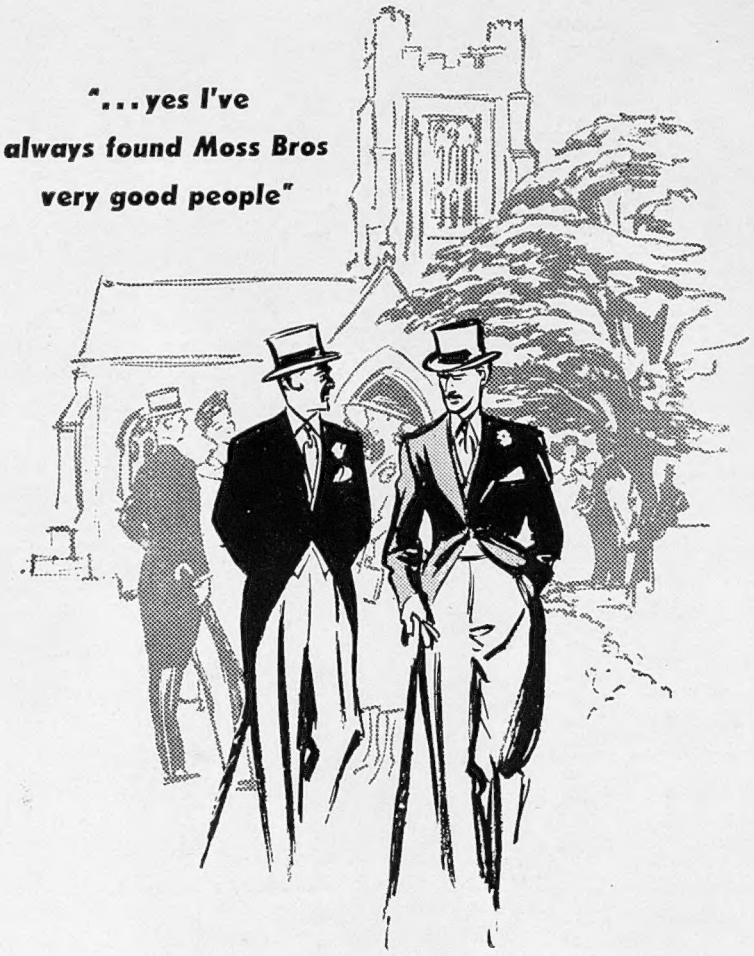

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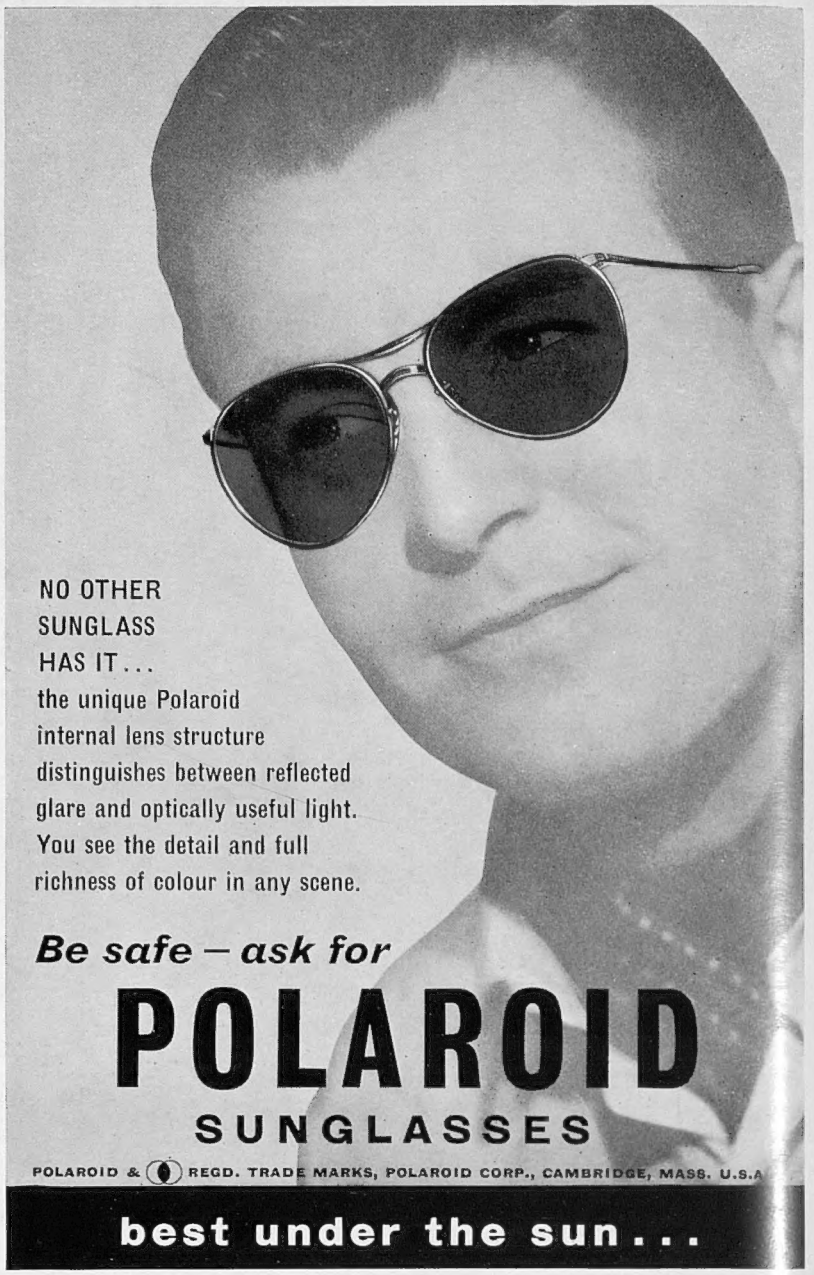

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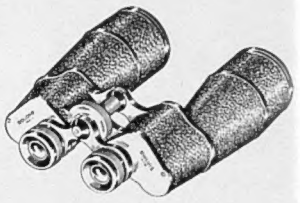

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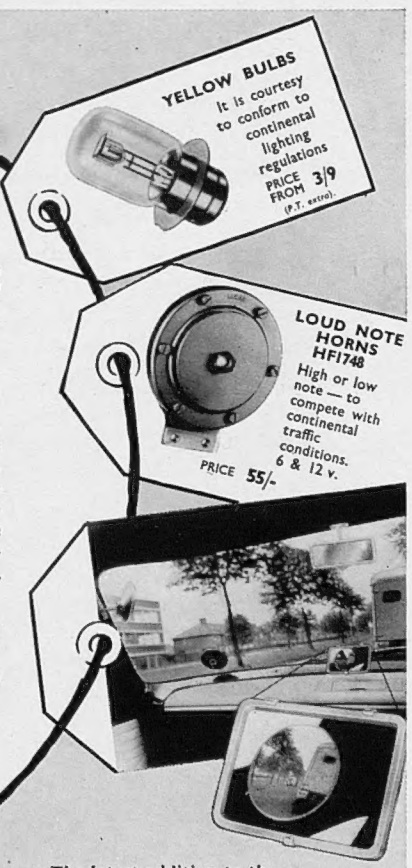

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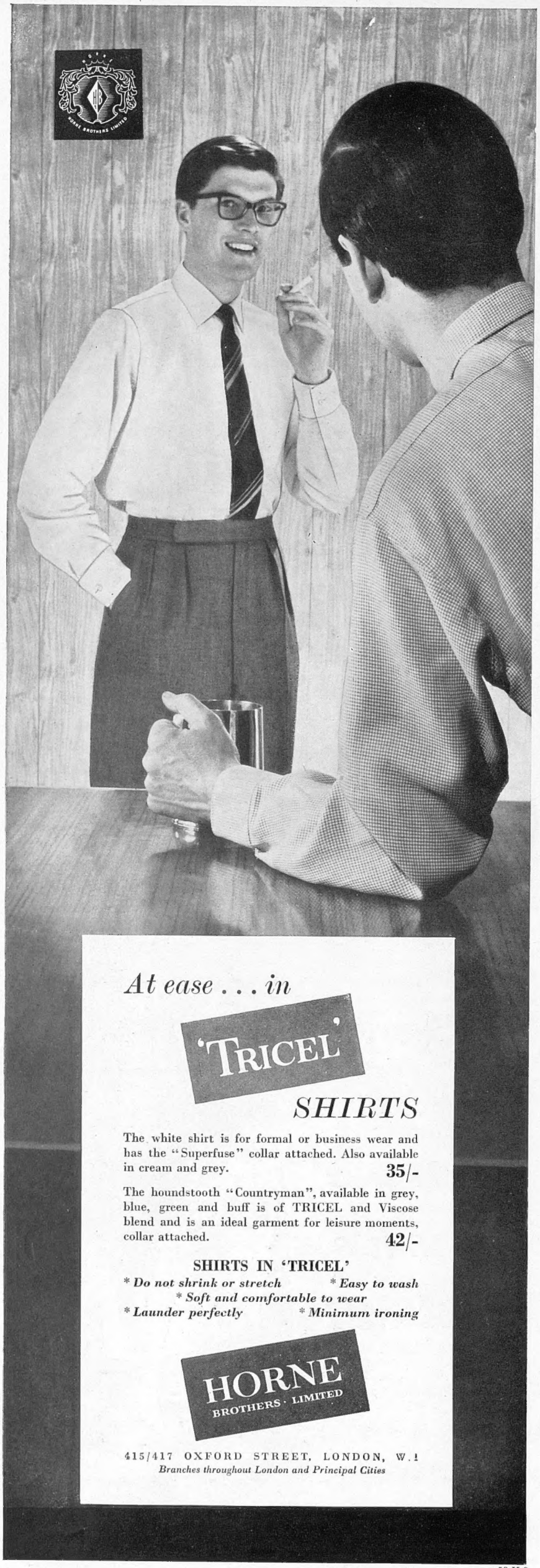

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Volume CCXXXIII No. 3037

The SPHERE, London, June 14, 1958

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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GENERAL DE GAULLE IN ALGERIA—ON HIS ARRIVAL BY AIR IN ALGIERS HE SHAKES HANDS WITH GENERAL MASSU : On the left is M. Delbecque, Vice-President of the All Algeria and Sahara Public Safety Committee, who emerged as the leader of the extremists among the Algerian French during the Prime Minister's visit. After de Gaulle had returned to Paris, it was reported that M. Delbecque had been rebuked by fellow-members of the Public Safety Committee for certain statements which he had issued.

As was expected, General de Gaulle received a wildly enthusiastic welcome wherever he went during his tour of Algeria last week. Sometimes in his speeches he was ambiguous to the point of being Delphic. This was interpreted as a sign that he was carefully feeling his way in his effort to bring about reconciliation between Algeria and Metropolitan France. At other times he was courageously frank, as, for instance, when he declared for the principle of equal rights for Europeans and Muslims, men and women. There was much speculation about the future of two of the leading French Algerian civilians. M. Soustelle was not appointed Minister for Algeria. General de Gaulle announced he was taking this post himself and that General Salan would be his delegate-general. The other personality attracting attention was M. Delbecque, who issued a statement attacking certain members of the de Gaulle Cabinet in Paris. This revealed divergence of opinion among the members of the Committee of Public Safety, the majority apparently accepting the view that they should not oppose any authority established by de Gaulle. (Further Algerian pictures on pages 382–83.)

Postage—Inland, 4d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST ROAD PROJECT TAKES SHAPE : From the air the camera looks down on a stretch of the motor road from London to Yorkshire at its junction with the A.508 at Collingtree, in Northamptonshire. The road is expected to be completed by October of next year. At its southern end it will join the St. Albans by-pass.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Good Out of Evil ?—Looking back on that unhappy and constantly obscure crisis in France (which could be given a holiday while General de Gaulle was in Algeria), we may perhaps take comfort in the thought that good may come out of evil when at last the old nursery maxims are proved still to be valid. Time's revenges are still revealed in the self-destruction of sinners and the selfish. Those who take the sword of self-interest, who put personal and party ambitions before country, perish by that sword at last. There are lessons here for all of us in many lands, in our homes and factories, in the international field. There are lessons for busmen and dockers and for T.U. chiefs, for those who lead and those who follow. Time's revenge may be slow to fall, but in the end it is effective. Patriotism and a measure of thought for others pay best in the end, and narrow selfishness leads to ultimate self-destruction. Members of Trade Unions are not the only " workers " who would like to have an easier life and more to spend. They are the workers who are bedevilled by possessing a weapon which a majority of them still believe is a magic wand. It is more often a sword of Damocles. Who lives if England die, or France ? Who is the better off on a higher rung if he kicks down the ladder he stands on ? The time may be nearer than we suppose when a large body of Union men will insist on a secret ballot before an official decision to strike.

Cousins' Last Card.—Five weeks ago one or two newspapers announced that Cousins had " played his last card " in the bus dispute. It was a fairly safe bet to say that he had other cards in his hand or up his sleeve. The latest cards he played seem to have come from up his sleeve. They were ugly cards, and easily recognisable as such. Public sympathy with strikes (even some unofficial) varies. When dockers strike, most of us are inclined, without intimate knowledge, to be unsympathetic towards men who often earn, even if unskilled, up to £30 a week, working or clocking-in, and yet are often ready to hold up the nation's trade for some minor grievance on mere suspicion. (How did the extraordinary conditions of dock and porterage labour attain to this anomaly ?) The busmen's strike was never in that category in the public mind. The busmen's original grievances were perhaps more in the nature of perplexities. The fact that they rejected the Arbitration Award had not altogether removed from the public mind sympathy in their perplexities. The busmen had seen the Railwaymen and Underground men awarded a 3 per cent. increase on a " face-saving " promissory note of economies to cover that increase, and although the Central London busmen had already a 4½ per cent. increase in the bag, the country busmen and allied employees may justly have felt left out in the cold. But Cousins' cards have been ugly from the start. The throwing over of the Arbitration Award struck a blow at law and order in industrial disputes and his attitu towards differentials began to contradict his stand f the London men. His appeal to the Railwaymen (whi produced some response on London's Underground Monday last in spite of the Railway Union leade disapproval) to support him in still further holding the public to save his own face, and his effort to indu the T. and G.W. men in the power stations and petrol tankers, and finally the T.U.C., to come to his for the same end, all these " cards " represent a ha which (however great the difficulties) must be defeat by the endurance of the public and by the unwaveri resolve of the Government to resist a weak surrender f a temporary peace.

Cousins' Pillow Review.—A Lond magistrate the week before last " had not the hear to send to prison a London bus-driver on strike w had pleaded guilty to stealing food. " Here is a m of the highest character called out on strike by oth people. He finds that, instead of earning £11 to £12 week, he must exist on £4 10s." The man, with a w and two children, described how his £4 10s. a week w spent: rent 30s., gas and electricity 15s., school dinne 10s., food for four 35s. True, his rent had been reduc considerably pro tem., but his hire-purchase payme (including provision for a bed for his younger daughte absorbed that temporary relief. He had found it useless try for part-time work. Busmen on strike were not want by employers. His wife had taken part-time work. It a queer world we live in, even if you do not take the court confessions exactly *au bout de la lettre*, or if y see in the magistrate's sentimentality a dangerous pr cedent. But it must be that unwarranted strikes a anathema to a large minority of the men forced out a to a large majority of wives; and those who force su men out without the most just of causes can hardly sle quiet in their beds if they learn and ponder the unconsider results in individual cases. This was no isolated ca

Hinds Let Loose.—A. G. Hinds has do it again, and I would have laid all Lombard Street to china orange that the authorities at Chelmsford Pris would make such a record impossible. For Hinds, seems, all prisons are prisons without bars. He is, inde the Houdini of stone walls, and perhaps

> Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage.

will one day be his epitaph. Meanwhile, I imagi following the Governor's inquiry, the Home Office w explore the avenues and perhaps allot the blame wh it is found to lie. Two points of special importan suggest themselves : first, how was it possible for a m as suspect as Hinds to manage so soon to arrange w friends *outside* to lay on handy transport, with a chan of clothes, at the hour he had " fixed " for his escap Second, in how many of our prisons are there pe houses built against the prison wall which, in effe reduce its height ? Or for that matter, any kind of " we spot " notorious for years to the staff and prisoners, a even to the outside public ? No doubt no prison in bui up areas can ensure an open " vallum " *outside* the wa Hinds' and his companion's dash for freedom af scaling the wall was screened by shrubs and trees. It w be surprising if Hinds' record does not result in t tightening up of prison precautions for men of his cali serving long sentences of preventive detention, a perhaps in a further effort to recruit an adequate pris staff.

John Masefield.—It would be the hei of ingratitude in me, if I failed to join in the tribute John Masefield on his eightieth birthday. I owe him great debt. There are all too few born story-tellers, a too few writers who can tell the tale and paint the pictur with a strict economy of words. All too few, who, writi tales of adventure for the young in heart, understand th his readers prefer a hero who is not a bone-head, a p and a failure till the last chapter. That is why *The Bo of Dawning* is perfect in my eyes in its *genre* and super to *Kidnapped* or even *Treasure Island*, and to the t sadistic but admirable Stanley Weyman. His love a understanding of country life, his appreciation of beauties and his sympathy with all living creatures a

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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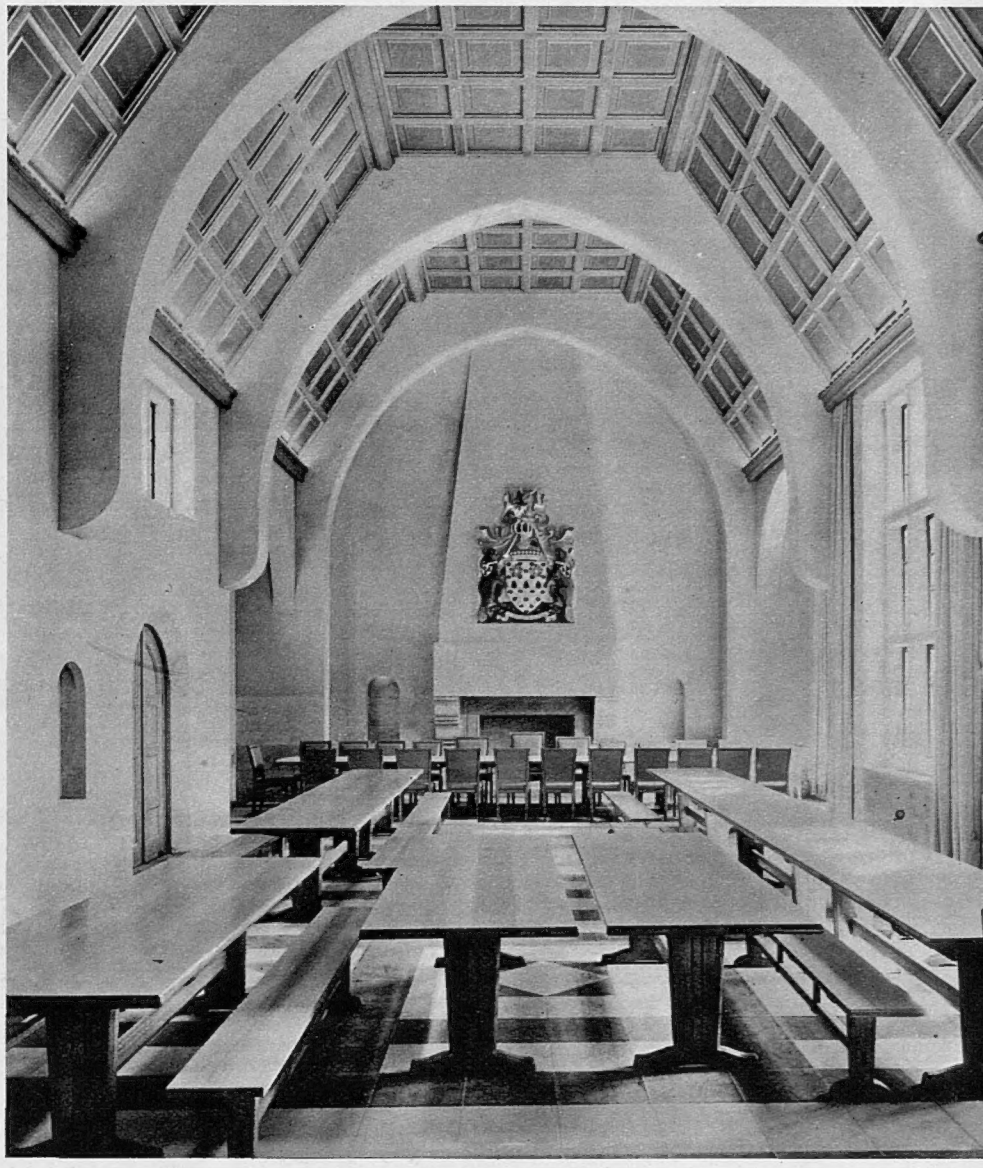
BRITISH AIRCRAFT FOR THE WORLD

A Fully Illustrated Section with an Article by John Taylor

ALSO

THE OPENING OF GATWICK AIRPO



FORD'S FIRST COLLEGE FOR BOTH SEXES : Men are engaged on the final stages of the work in the forecourt of the interior of Nuffield College, which is Oxford's first for both men and women. On the right scaffolding still surrounds the tower library. *On right*—The view is taken looking down the hall of the college. On the wall behind the high table are the Nuffield arms. Work on the college, which began in 1949, has been held up on several occasions because of difficulties. It was officially opened on Friday of last week.

st seen in "Reynard the Fox." He is Tom Dansey in
t poem:

He loved the English countryside:
The wine-leaved bramble in the ride,
The lichen on the apple trees . . .
Under his hide his heart was raw
With joy and pity of these things.

Poet-Laureate's duty subjects are not perhaps very favour-
le to good poetry. But John Masefield is a master of prose
d story-telling, and very near the front rank as a poet.

Washing Their Flannels in Public.

Auri sacra fames has for some time penetrated and
eatened to befoul the once pure source of cricket.
judge by the flood of articles and books which have
me from the pens of some of our leading cricketers
cently, one might well wonder that our Test and
unty XIs retain enough discipline and restraint not
quarrel openly on the field or to set up splinter-parties
d Soviets between overs. In the pavilion, you may
ppose from some of these "disclosures" that the life
cricketers of high standing is one long wrangle—in the
urth Republic parliamentary tradition—and that who-
er is right, the captain and selectors are always wrong.
ollen head accounts for much of this deplorable stuff
d the chance to make easy money accounts for more.
hen what was once an admirable recreation was com-
ercially elevated to a level of national importance, the
obability that the vain and the light-headed would be
sily persuaded of their own national importance was
foregone conclusion, and has long since become a sorry
ct and fashion. When it was (regrettably) decided to
cord knighthoods and other high orders to cricketers,
e way was opened to such pretensions
d, to save a great game, the Fountain of
onour might do well to attach a condition
the next distribution of cricketing
nours. After all, most of those who suc-
mb to cricket journalism and authorship
e the bat or ball far better than the pen,
d neither literature nor cricket would be
e poorer if cricketers stuck to their last,
shed their dirty flannels in private, and
t the difficult art of writing to those
ined to practise it. There will always, I
pe, be one or two who are experts in both
s, and their writings on cricket are a
on and a blessing to the game and
fans.

Readers Want Novels."—

e *Publishers' Circular* last week examined
familiar question: Are the reading public
ered by publishers and booksellers what
y want to read or what someone *thinks*
y want to read? A symposium of
blishers, booksellers and readers came to
e conclusion that the public want more
vels to read and are being fobbed off with
paper-back whodunits in the field of fiction and much which they do not want in other fields. The yearly output of new books is admittedly frightening, and I imagine most publishers just about make up on the swings of one success what they lose on the roundabouts of nine failures, forgotten in a matter of weeks. An immense number of new novels are still being published, but apparently they are not enough, and one wonders whether the taste for the war book is on the wane—the mud and beastliness of jungle warfare and the studies of decadent types, so popular in America, the drug- and drink-sodden and homosexual types. Would the public respond to a revival of the Victorian ideal, a real story of characters, noble and otherwise, allotting the ultimate victory to virtue and carrying a moral uplift? It is by no means certain. Trollope had a great revival, but still he is hard to read by the young for his verbosity, his occasional preachings, and his lamentable sub-plots, which (as with Thackeray and Dickens) were in part the result of serialisation. Again, courageous publishers of late have tried without marked success the revival of semi-classic or classic Victorian novels, while some of the paper-backs on sale *are* reprints of quite admirable more modern novels. I believe the reading public have become deaf at last to publishers' blurbs about "new genius," and I fancy they do not accept even long reviews of new novels as guides to their reading. If I were a publisher, despite evidence of recent failures, I would try again in the revival line, for I believe the reading public, who prefer novels, are just about ripe to enjoy again some of those mid-Victorians who had shed much of the diffusion and verbiage and preachings of Thackeray, Dickens, Trollope and the Kingsleys.

THE FOURTH OF JUNE AT ETON: The odd boy out in this line of young Etonians sitting on a wall is the middle one whose top-hat is firmly placed on his head. The boys were awaiting the arrival of parents and friends for the annual Fourth of June celebrations.

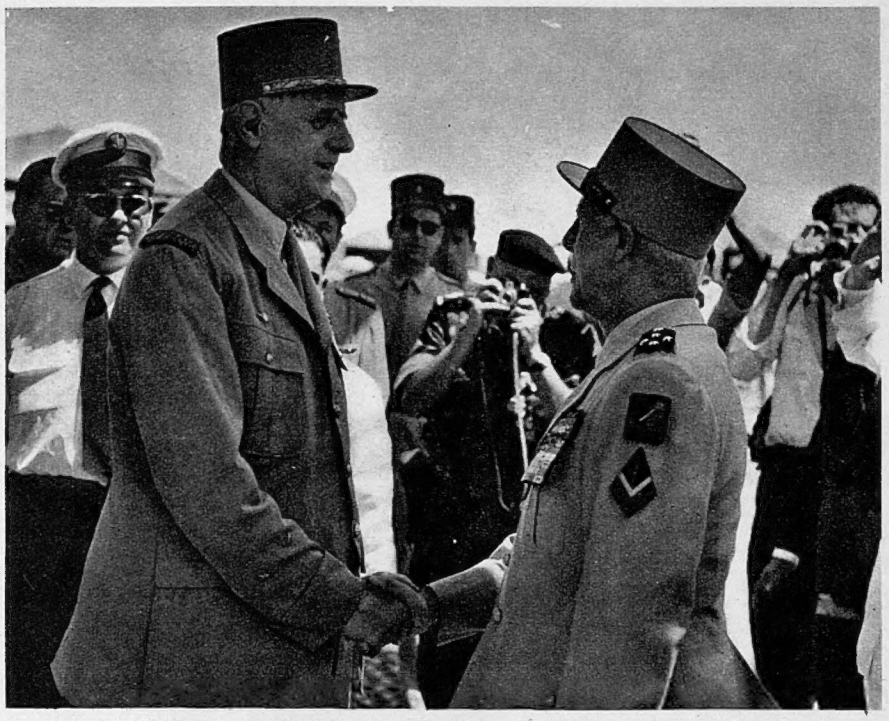
Two Glorious Old Novels.—

The first two titles I should have "another stab at" would be Mrs. Gaskell's *Wives and Daughters* and Lady Augusta Noel's *From Generation to Generation*. The first I regard as almost faultless, and Mrs. Gaskell's masterpiece. It was recently republished in a nice edition selling at 10s. It seems to have failed, for the edition is now remaindering at half-price. *From Generation to Generation* is an undoubted masterpiece, and its fate on revival in 1926 is even more regrettable and strange. Unlike Mrs. Gaskell's classics, it was totally unknown when, at my suggestion, Elkin Mathews and Marrot revived it in their Rescue Series after Miss Eden's *Semi-attached* (four editions) and *Semi-detached*. I wrote an introduction to it and received from the late Sir Edward Marsh an appreciation of its merits which included these words: "I can't think of one living writer (1926, Bennett, Galsworthy and who not?) who could approach this truly magnificent novel which must at last take its place among British masterpieces. *It will never be forgotten again.*" It was forgotten in no time. To-day there is not a copy to be got by advertising of that 1926 Rescue Series edition. I would "go it again" and perhaps bring back the great Victorian novels as an antidote to the dimness and dirt and depression and drab materialism of our own day.

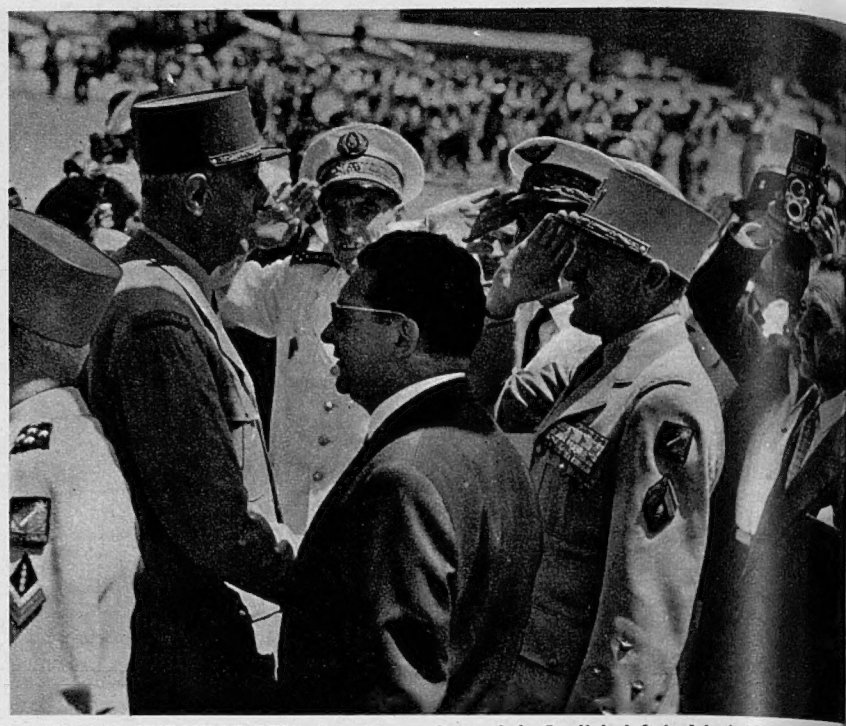
Carnival Never More Welcome.—

As I ventured to say the other day, the names to make news for us in June would not be of politicians but of gamesmen and sportsmen, and never did carnival time come round more welcome than last week. Be damned to crises in Europe, to summit talks in the blue moon, to strikes and by-elections. All eyes and many feet were on Epsom Downs, at Birmingham, on golf courses and tennis courts. Last year June was the month to be in Merry England, and this year may follow suit after a shaky start and a depressing, chill and anxious May. Perhaps as a race we give the appearance of too much interest in trivialities. Certainly a large part of our Press affords such a picture of the British character to foreign observers; but the English sporting carnival is one of our institutions which foreigners enjoy and envy; and it would be a dingy England if we did not enjoy our part in it as intimately and as keenly as our state of life permits. Fortunately nowadays we can all enjoy very cheaply and comfortably the best seats at the shows from our own armchairs, and June and July are about the only months in the year when I become a TV addict.

THE OLD STAGER



GREETINGS FROM THE KEY FIGURE IN ALGERIA: General de Gaulle is welcomed at the airport of Algiers by General Salan, the C.-in-C. in Algeria. General Salan was appointed delegate-general in Algeria by de Gaulle, who is himself the Minister for Algeria.



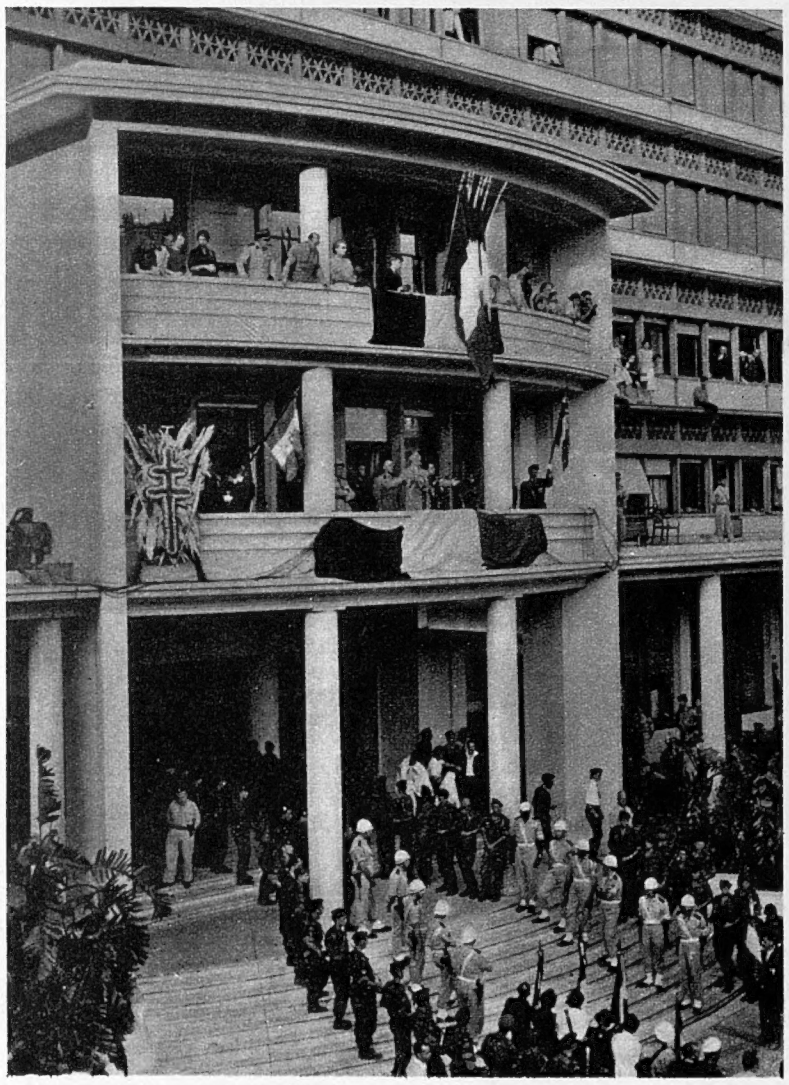
SERVICE AND CIVILIAN LEADERS: Saluting on General de Gaulle's left is Admiral Auboyneau, the French naval commander in the Mediterranean. Also saluting are General Jouhaud, of the Air Force (centre), and General Allard, of the Army. In the foreground in dark spectacles is M. Soustelle. Before the start of the French crisis, the last-named led the Gaullists in the National Assembly in Paris and for many years he had been one of the General's most vocal political supporters. During the crisis he made a dramatic escape from Paris to join the Public Safety Committee in Algiers. But the fact that he was not appointed Minister for Algeria, in spite of local popular support, led to reports that he and the Prime Minister were not in full accord in their views.

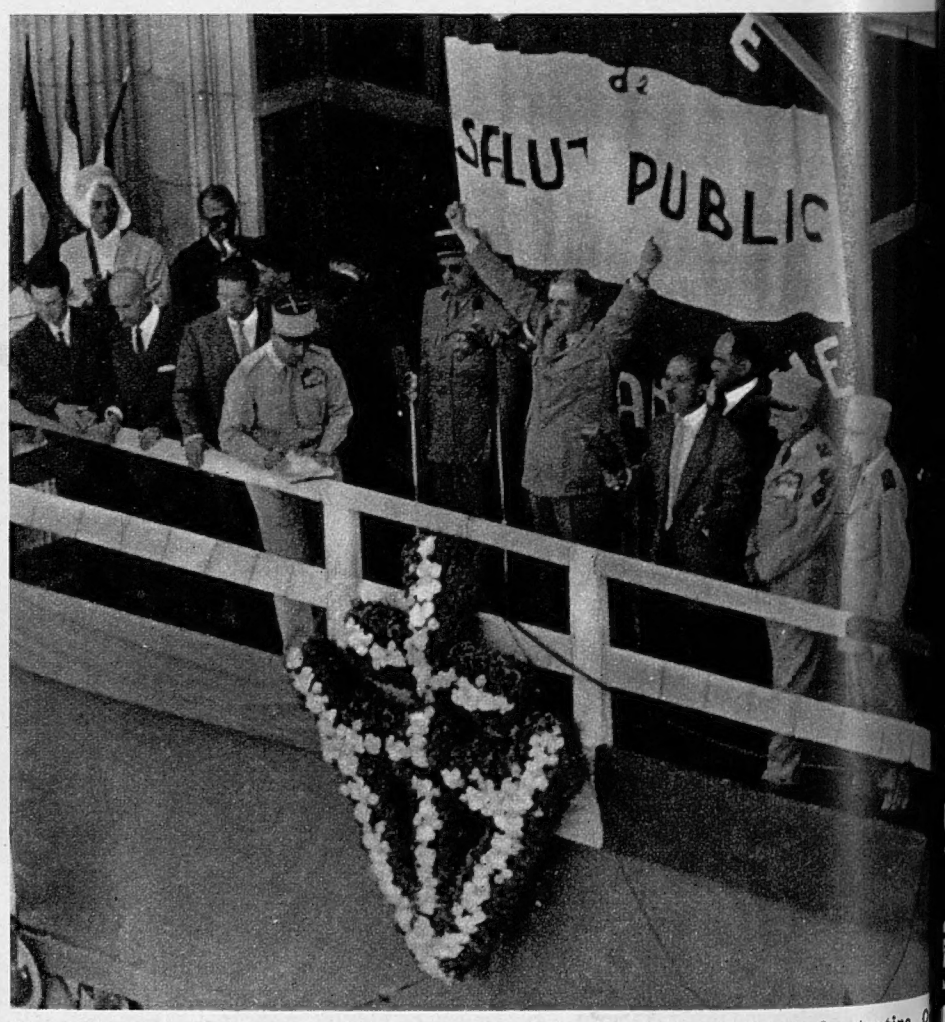
TO SHARE EQUAL RIGHTS: The Prime Minister talks with Muslim leaders during his tour. He promised that in the future their people should have equal rights with the Europeans.

OLD AND NEW IN FEMALE FASHIONS: A veiled woman stands by two girls dressed in current fashions in Bône to applaud the General. In his speeches he held out hopes of an amnesty to Muslim rebels.

ALGERIA WELCOMES DE GAULLE

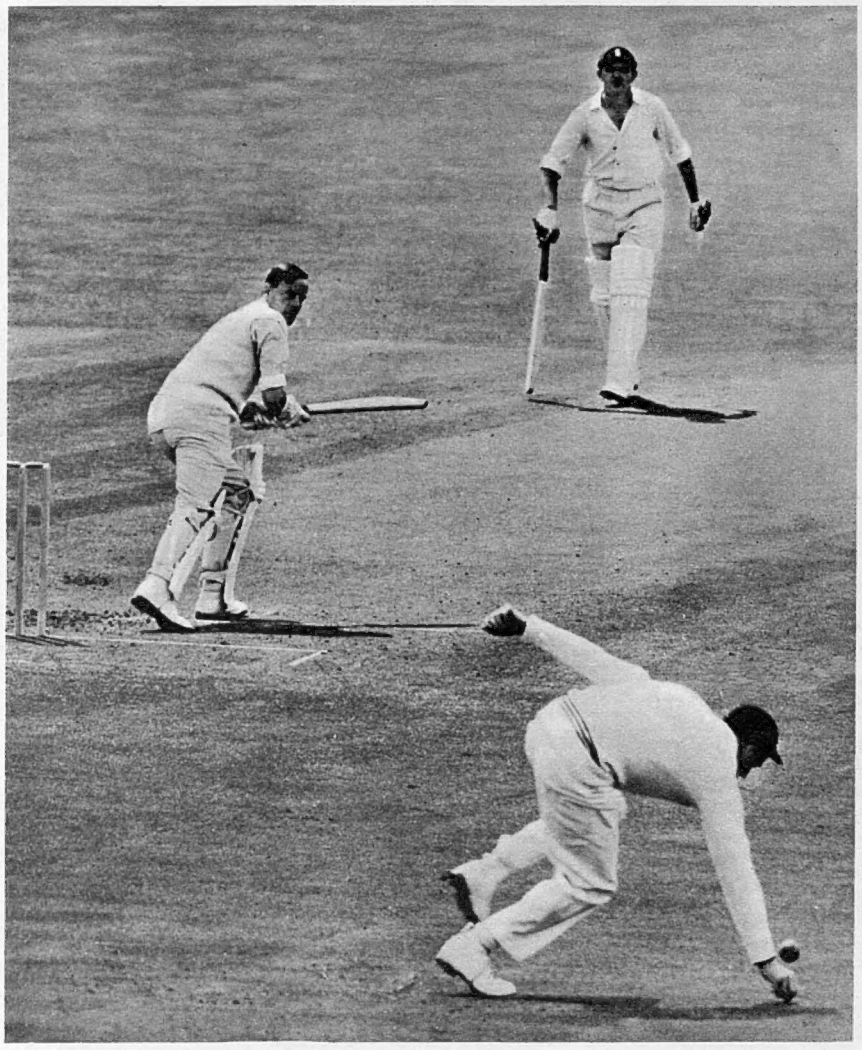
The General's Triumphal Progress in His North African Tour

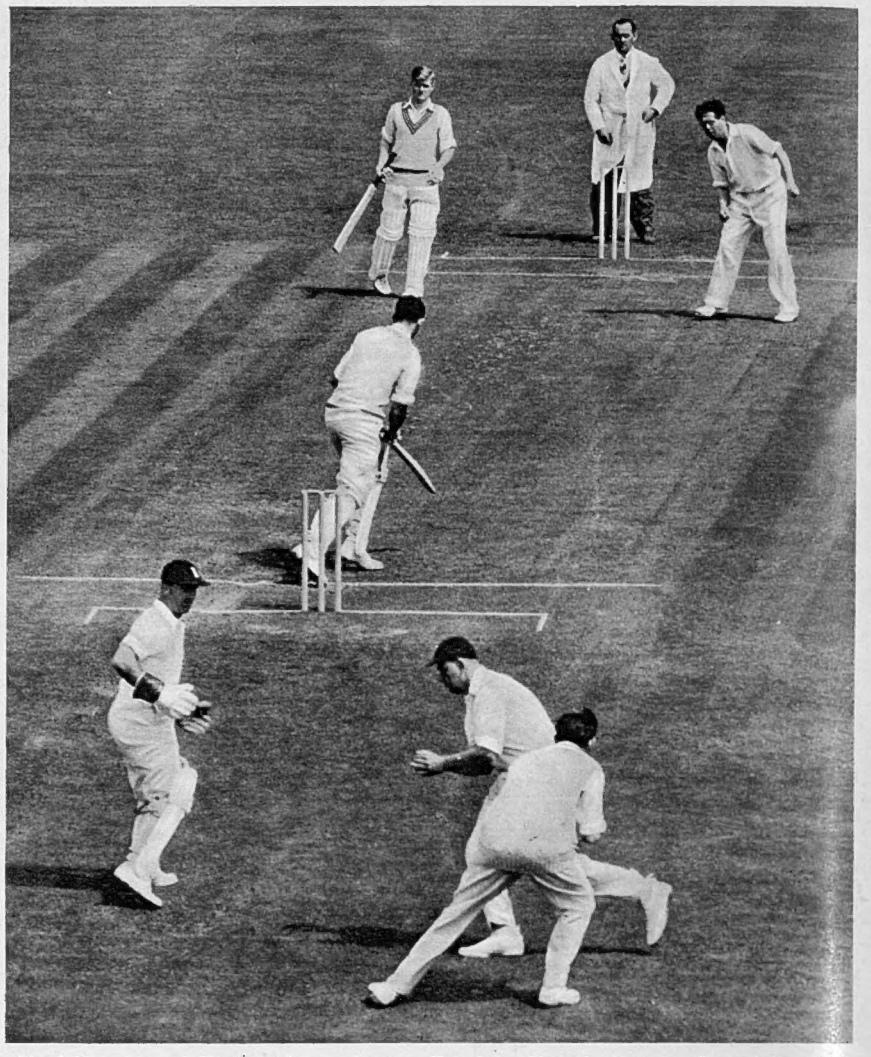




"I, DE GAULLE": The General raises his arms as he addresses a vast gathering in Constantine. *Left*—He speaks from a balcony decorated with flags and the Cross of Lorraine in Algiers. His frequent use in speeches of the phrase "I, de Gaulle," stressed his confidence in his authority

TWO SCENES DURING THE TOUR ON WHICH THE FUTURE OF FRANCE DEPENDS: *Above*—Standing in his car, de Gaulle acknowledges the cheers in Algiers. *Below*—A dense crowd packs into a square in Bône to listen to the General. At the start of this week, after the wild enthusiasm of the tour, both Algeria and Paris were taking stock of the future in more sober mood. De Gaulle, having ordered the Public Safety Committees to engage only in the "integration of souls," had summoned all his Ministers to approve his policy.



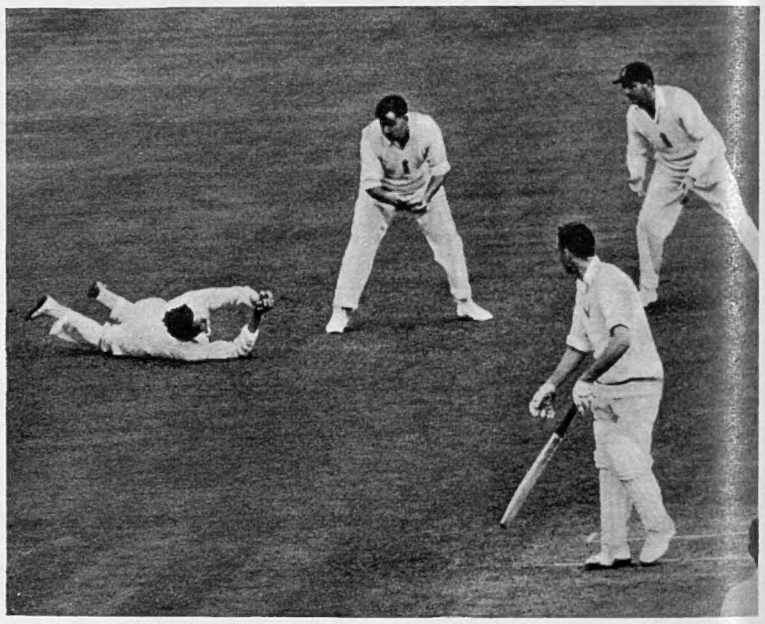


THRILLS AT THE FIRST TEST MATCH: *Left*—MacGibbon just fails to take a chance offered by May during the first day of the first Test match at Edgbaston, Birmingham. *Right*—Bailey looks inquiringly as Cowdrey fields a ball played by Playle during the New Zealand first innings, in which they made 94. England, in their first innings, were dismissed for 221.

SPORTING OCCASIONS

The First Test Match at Birmingham; and the Amateur Golf Championship in Scotland

Although the New Zealand batting was, as expected, weak, their fielding was excellent and in the bowling MacGibbon had an analysis of 5 for 64 and Alabaster 4 for 46. The only distinction in the batting of the England side in their first innings came from May (84) and Cowdrey (81), who shared a partnership of 121. In the second innings Cowdrey again distinguished himself with a memorable 70 and Richardson somewhat luckily just managed to reach a century. England declared at a total of 215 for six. They were then leading by 342 runs and MacGibbon and Hayes were making the ball fly on a frisky pitch. When play was resumed on Monday, England gained their anticipated victory. They dismissed New Zealand for 137 runs, to win by 205 runs.



INTO SAFE HANDS: Bailey dives for a ball played by Playle off Loader to make one of the best catches of the match. The New Zealand batsman was caught after making 8 runs. The other slip fielders are Cowdrey and Graveney.

THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: A general view of the Old Course at St. Andrews, Scotland, showing play in progress at the seventeenth hole. The championship was won by J. B. Carr, of Sutton, near Dublin, who defeated A. Thirlwell, of Gosforth, Northumberland, by 3 and 2.

AN IRISHMAN'S SECOND WIN: J. B. Carr is seen in action at the fourth tee during the final of the Amateur Golf Championship, which was played over the Old Course at St. Andrews, Scotland. In a convincing win, he defeated A. Thirlwell, of Northumberland, by 3 and 2, and in so doing won the championship for the second time. This is a feat only accomplished since 1930 by two Americans, both of whom are now professionals.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

MR. MACMILLAN'S VISIT TO THE U.S.: The Prime Minister with Lady Dorothy Macmillan stands on the steps of No. 10, Downing Street, before leaving for an informal visit to America to confer with President Eisenhower. The Prime Minister's plane, a B.O.A.C. Britannia, was forced to turn back to London Airport with suspected trouble in one engine. He arrived in New York 2½ hours behind schedule and was forced to wait while the State send-off for President Heuss was concluded. During his five-day visit Mr. Macmillan also had talks with Herr von Brentano, the West German Foreign Minister, and Mr. Dulles.

THE WEST GERMAN PRESIDENT ON A STATE VISIT TO AMERICA: Professor Heuss, right, with President Eisenhower, stands in front of the north portico of the White House before the formal State dinner in his honour. His visit was mainly of a ceremonial order, but he was accompanied by Herr von Brentano, the West German Foreign Minister, who discussed recent European developments with Mr. Dulles. In some quarters in Washington it is felt that the French crisis has strengthened Germany's position in Western Europe. Professor Heuss is the first German Head of State to have visited America.

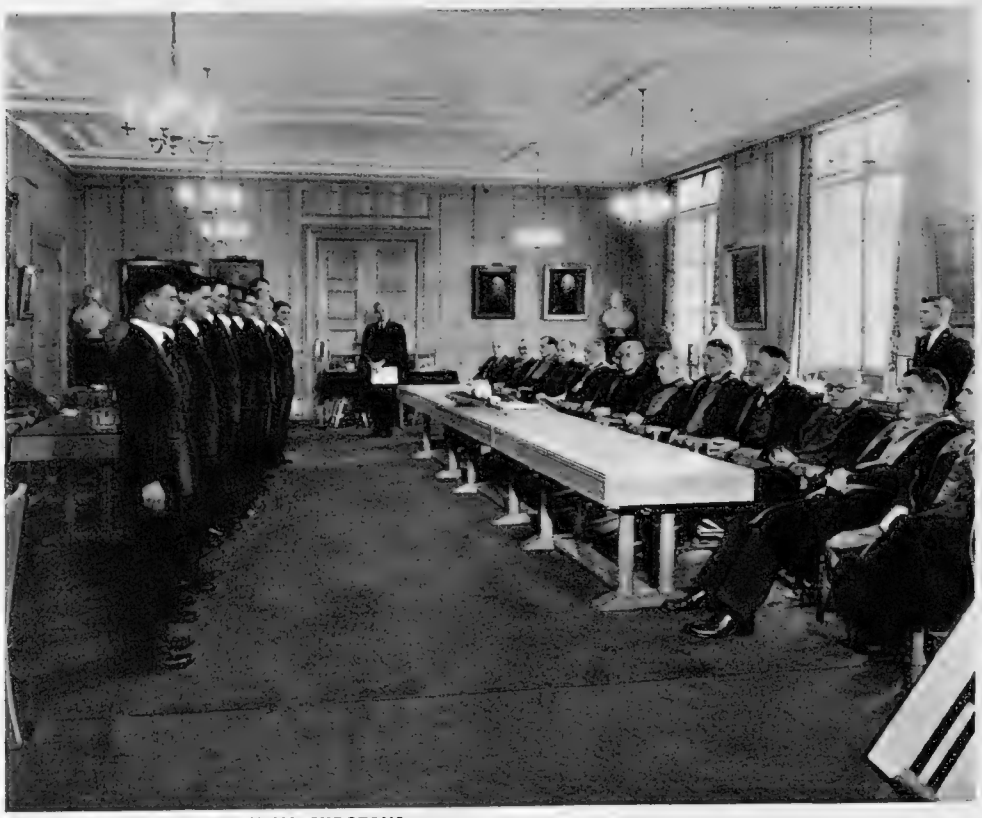
THE UNITED NATIONS DEBATE ON LEBANON: Dr. Charles Malik, the Lebanese Foreign Minister (centre) speaks at the U.N. Security Council. He said that according to information he had just received the foreign intervention which had led to his country's complaint against the United Arab Republic was "increasing both in scope and intensity." He asked the Council to halt the "unprovoked massive intervention," to preserve Lebanon's independence and to remove the threat to international peace. "Our case," he said, "is a test case, the case of every small country." The Arab League Council at Benghazi, considering a similar complaint by Lebanon against the U.A.R., was unable to pass any resolutions.

A PROTEST MARCH IN JERUSALEM AGAINST MIXED BATHING: Several thousand members of the extreme wing of orthodox Jewry, Agudat Israel, parade through a main street in Jerusalem preceded by policemen with arms linked. The march was in protest against the opening of the first mixed bathing pool in the Holy City. Special trains brought many of the demonstrators from other parts of Israel to join the demonstration, which was orderly. Three times a halt was called and shofar blasts were blown thirteen times.

ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS VISITS NASSER: The exiled leader of the Greek Cypriots sits with the President of the United Arab Republic in Cairo. At a banquet given in honour of the Archbishop, Colonel Nasser indicated his support for Eoka in Cyprus. The championing of the Greek Cypriots' cause by the U.A.R. is believed to have been one of the causes of the riots in Cyprus which broke out last week-end. The inter-racial clashes revealed the determination of the Turks to resist any solution but partition for the island.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL: Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, the Premier of Portugal (left), shakes hands with Rear-Admiral Americo Tomaz at the closing session of the election campaign at the Sports Pavilion in Lisbon. Rear-Admiral Tomaz, the candidate of the National Union Party—the organisation supporting the Government—was elected the new President by a large majority of votes in succession to General Craveiro Lopes. The elections were a straight fight between Government and Opposition.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



CONGRATULATIONS FOR NEW SURGEONS: Candidates who have just passed the final examination for the Royal College of Surgeons are congratulated by the Court of Examiners at the College in London. From left to right at the table the Examiners are Mr. A. H. M. Siddons (St. George's), Mr. N. R. Barrett (St. Thomas's), Mr. R. H. Franklin (Post-Graduate Medical School of London), Mr. F. H. Wass (Guy's), Mr. Hugh Reid (Liverpool), Mr. Julian Taylor (University College), the Chairman, Mr. A. Dickson Wright (St. Mary's), Mr. T. G. I. James (Central Middlesex), Mr. Clifford Jones (Sheffield), Mr. J. P. Hosford (St. Bartholomew's), Mr. Norman C. Lake (Charing Cross), Mr. W. M. Capper (Bristol), Professor Ian Aird (Post-Graduate Medical School).

FAMOUS PRIMA DONNA IN LONDON: Maria Meneghini Callas, the Italian soprano, is greeted by Lady Harewood on her arrival at the Royal Opera House. Madame Callas was in London to take part in a programme given at a gala performance in the presence of the Queen last Tuesday to celebrate the centenary of the Royal Opera House. She sang in a scene from Bellini's opera *I Puritani*. The programme also included the overture to *Oberon* which was first performed at Covent Garden in 1826 ; an excerpt from *The Bohemian Girl* and scenes from the present repertoire, including *The Trojans*, *Peter Grimes* and *Aida*. The principals of the Royal Ballet, led by Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes, appeared in *Birthday Offering*.

On right—

NEW HONORARY DOCTORS AT CAMBRIDGE: Led by the Chancellor, Lord Tedder, the procession crosses the Great Court of Trinity College after the Congregation in the Senate House. Honorary degrees were conferred upon eight distinguished representatives of the arts, the sciences and public service. Leading the new doctors are Dr. W. R. Matthews (on the left), presented with the degree of D.D., and Mr. Dean Acheson (the taller figure), recipient of the degree of LL.D. Behind them are Sir Hugh Beaver and Lord Birkett, both receiving the degree of LL.D., and behind them are (left) Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, LL.D., with Mr. Edwin Muir, Litt.D. Degrees of Sc.D. were conferred on Dr. Sydney Chapman and Sir Gavin de Beer.

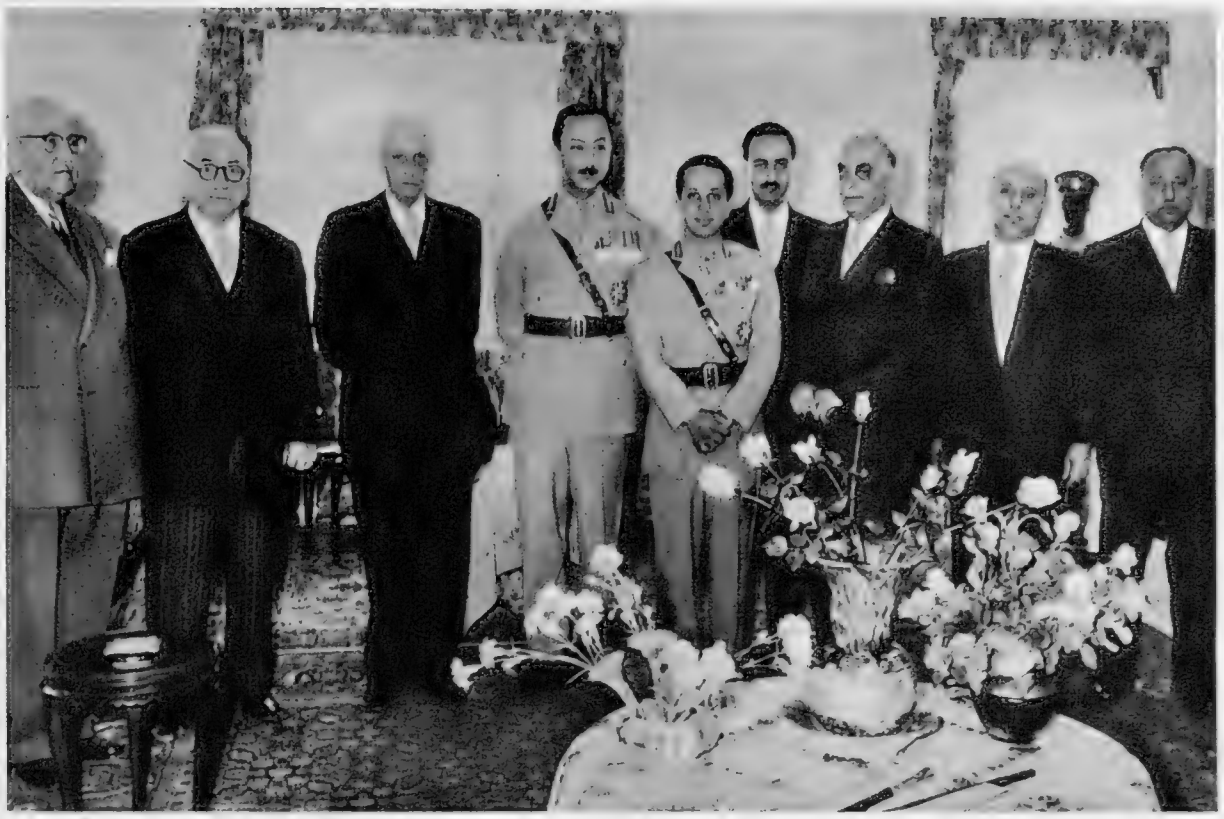
TORNADO DAMAGE IN WISCONSIN, U.S.A.: This is all that remained of a barn on a farm in north-western Wisconsin after a tornado had struck several towns and farming areas in the American State. The family saved themselves by taking refuge in the basement of the house in the rear. Severe damage was caused by the tornado as it swept along on its erratic course, and at least thirty people are known to have lost their lives. Many people also were injured.

On left—

DISASTER BY STORM: An aerial view of the town of Colfax, which bore the brunt of the storm. Twelve people were killed in this town and about 100 houses were destroyed or badly damaged.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE SWEDISH GENERAL ELECTION: Dr. Tage Erlander, the Swedish Prime Minister, and leader of the Social Democrat Party, has a word with his wife as they enter a polling booth in Stockholm. According to the preliminary figures of the results, the Social Democrat Party, which has controlled Swedish governments for the past quarter of a century, added to its number of seats in the Lower Chamber. The People's (or Liberal) Party lost heavily. They had campaigned strongly against certain of the Government's social welfare schemes which were one of the main issues of the election.



LEADERS OF THE ARAB UNION: In the Parliament building in Amman, King Faisal of Iraq, Head of State of the Arab Union—the Federation of Iraq and Jordan—stands with, on his right, his uncle, the Crown Prince Amir Abdul Ilah (also in uniform), the Crown Prince of Iraq, and with members of the Union's newly-formed Government. On the King's left in the foreground is Nuri es-Said, the Prime Minister of the Federation. On the Premier's left are Karim Uzri, the Finance Minister, and General Sami Fattah, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs. On the Crown Prince Abdul Ilah's right are Ibrahim Hashim, the Deputy Prime Minister, Towfiq Swaidi, the Foreign Minister, and Suleiman Toukan, the Minister of Defence.

On left—

CELEBRATION PARADE IN ROME: On the twelfth anniversary of the foundation of the modern Italian Republic, troops march past President Gronchi on the Via dei Fori Imperiali in the Italian capital. The picture was taken from the Colosseum. On the left is the Forum and, beyond, the white Victor Emmanuel Memorial on the Piazzi di Venezia. Armoured vehicles and some 10,000 soldiers, sailors and airmen took part in the parade. There was also a fly-past by the Air Force. When the celebrations were over, President Gronchi had to return to the business of Cabinet-making. Much seemed to depend on which party or group of parties the Christian Democrats would propose as their allies in the formation of a new Government.

SEEKING INFORMATION ABOUT A CRIMINAL IN CYPRUS: A British soldier armed with an automatic weapon looks on while an inhabitant of the village of Lefkoniko places a note in a box. The entire population had been asked to write information anonymously which might help in tracking down the murderer of a youth in the village. Sporadic outbreaks of violence continued last week on the island, where the main political topics were what would be the terms of the British announcement on the future of the island and Archbishop Makarios' visit to Colonel Nasser in Cairo. There were reports that the United Arab Republic might back a Greek appeal on Cyprus to U.N.

MR. KHRUSHCHEV IN SOFIA: At the airport in the Bulgarian capital, the Soviet Prime Minister greets a member of the Chinese Communist delegation to the Seventh Congress of the Bulgarian Communist Party. Mr. Khrushchev had arrived in Bulgaria in his capacity as Secretary-General of the Russian Communists. In a speech to the Congress he continued his attacks on Tito and the Yugoslav Communists whom he dubbed the "Trojan Horse of Imperialism." He went on to refer to America and to Tito and to condemn the Yugoslav Communist programme.

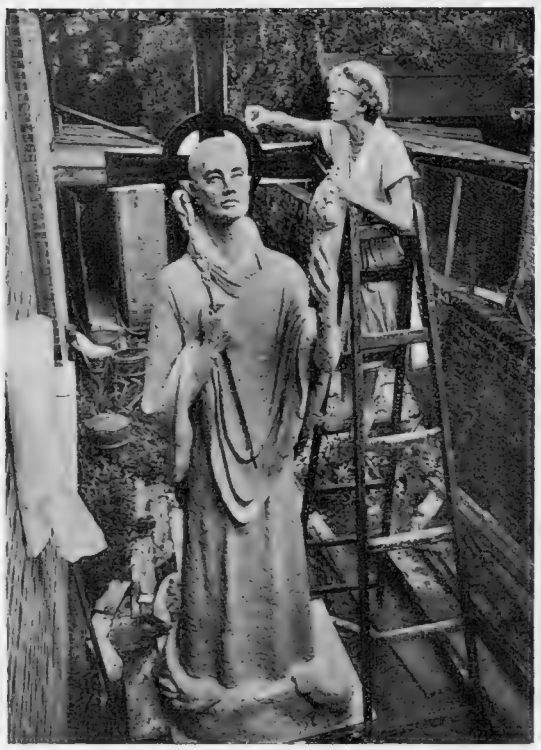
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

DEBRIS FROM THE DISASTER: Stones from the smashed parapet of the town bridge of Boscastle and salvaged goods and furniture litter the streets of this small, picturesque town. Four other towns in North Cornwall were hit by the floods.

THE FLOODS IN CORNWALL: In Boscastle a rope replaces the parapet of the town bridge which was swept away during the worst floods in the West Country since the disaster at Lynmouth in 1952. After a cloudburst over the moors in North Cornwall, the River Valency rose 15 ft. in twenty minutes as it poured in a torrent through Boscastle. Houses and shops in the lower part of the town were flooded to a depth of 4 ft. as the Valency overflowed its banks. One man was drowned. He was the local bandmaster, Mr. Charles Berryman. While he was salvaging furniture which had been swept out of a house, rising floodwater carried him into the river.

On right—

A 9-FT. STATUE FOR HOLY ISLAND: Miss Kate Parbury is at work on her statue of St. Aidan, who became the first Bishop of Lindisfarne (Holy Island) in 635. Made of coloured concrete and red sandstone, the figure of the saint is leaning against a Celtic cross. The statue is to be erected on Holy Island, off the Northumberland coast.



THE MEMORIAL GATES TO STEVE DONOGHUE AT EPSOM: Sir Gordon Richards, the former champion jockey, stands by the gates to the grandstand which he unveiled as a tribute to the famous jockey, who won six Derbys. Each gate has a plaque in colour showing Steve Donoghue on Papyrus, the horse on which he won the Derby in 1923. On the right is Major J. D. Watts, who is the Clerk of the Course.

THE MAY BUMPING RACES AT CAMBRIDGE: Pembroke pursue Queens' along Plough Reach on the Cam during the first division races on the first day. Pembroke later bumped Queens' at the glass houses to take second place behind Jesus, who started on their attempt to retain the headship of the river without much difficulty. The Jesus second boat also recorded a bump over Magdalene. Two over-bumps were made, by Lady Margaret and Caius in the lower divisions. The Jesus crew is entered for the British Empire Games trials, as also are Pembroke and First and Third Trinity, who could be a strong crew over the Henley course.

AN INTERNATIONAL ANGLING CHAMPIONSHIP IN SCOTLAND: On the still water of Loch Leven, in Kinross, the boats set out from the pier during the angling championships in which representatives from England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales took part. Twelve anglers from each side fished for eight hours for trout. Scotland were declared the winners with a catch of thirty-one trout—34 lb. 15 ozs. It was the first time that they had won the quadrangular competition for three years. Since the series began in 1932 Scotland have won eight and England seven. Only ninety-seven trout were caught.

World Affairs

THE LEBANON UNDER FIRE

By JOHN CONNELL

THE Lebanese are, or appear to be, the most Western of the Arab peoples, in culture, outlook and behaviour. They are of the Levant, not of the desert. They are energetic and skilful in commerce, volatile, gay and sophisticated. Charm is of the essence of their character, but it is an urban charm having nothing in common with the sombre, aloof and arrogant dignity of the *bedou*. The Lebanese glitter and chatter; they are born bargaining; they are imaginative and sensuous, and they laugh a great deal—not least at themselves.

British Arabophiles, for a century or more, have concentrated their romantic affections on other sections of the Arab people: Doughty, St. John Philby and Freya Stark found their focus in the peninsula, the Arab homeland; Glubb in what used to be called Transjordan; there was a whole generation of British officials who grew to know and love the peasantry of what used to be called Palestine; some even discovered a strange enchantment in the marsh Arabs of the land of the two rivers. It is a long time since Lady Hester Stanhope settled in the Lebanon mountains, and Colonel Churchill became a legendary, heroic figure to the Druses.

The French and the Americans, however, have had long-established and deep-rooted connections with the Lebanon, religious, cultural and commercial. Geographically, the greater part of the Lebanon looks westward; her people are not nomads of the desert, but they have not been without their share of restlessness; they have trafficked the seas, and their journeys have taken them great distances. The so-called "Syrian" trader, frequently encountered up and down Africa, proves again and again to be in his origins either a Lebanese or a Palestinian Arab.

There are sizeable Lebanese communities in more than one American city; there are families settled for two or three generations in Manchester and now almost totally Anglicised. But the dominant traits of the Lebanese are Mediterranean; they might be Greeks of the islands or of Asia Minor. To anyone with a taste for the ironic and the unpredictable in human relations, or who enjoys an effervescent mixture of gusto and realism, sentimentality and acquisitiveness, generosity and absurdity, the Lebanese are intensely and persistently likeable.

THE TWO SIDES IN THE LEBANON: Behind barricades of sandbags, rebels gather in Saida in the South of Lebanon. *Below, left*— President Chamoun, at a Press Conference in Beirut, accuses the U.A.R. of "massive interference" in Lebanese affairs.

There are, however, other facets to this agreeable picture. They are a people riven by social and religious differences. There are sects and subsects among the Christian Lebanese that maintain jealousies and rivalries of the utmost antiquity and tenacity which they find it difficult to put aside, even for a moment, in face of the challenge of their Muslim neighbours. Yet the fissure between Muslim and Christian is the main factor in the Lebanon's political instability, and has made its people especially vulnerable to the kind of attack by which they have been beset in the past six weeks. They are far from being a warrior people, but they are addicted to feuds which they perpetuate with a bitter ferocity at first sight entirely inconsistent with their civilised charm and sophistication.

In the years of retreat and rout, of the abdication of Western interests and responsibilities in the Middle East, the appeasers have frequently sought to refute their critics, such as myself, and (I suspect) to comfort themselves by offering, every time some long-held bastion was surrendered, urgent reassurances. By getting out of the Sudan and handing over the great base in the Suez Canal Zone, we were told, we would win and hold the friendship of the Egyptians. The Foreign Office has long contained a nest of clamorous advocates of the Bagdad Pact. Syria became a Soviet satellite, Glubb was bundled out of Jordan; hardly a harbour or an airport in the whole Middle East was open to the British; when emissaries as august as the Foreign Secretary and the C.I.G.S. ventured into the area, there were riots and stone-throwing. Ah, said the appeasers, there is always the Lebanon.

Those of us who, in a hard school, have acquired a certain degree of political realism about the Middle East muttered our sceptical protests and were brushed aside. It is, as I have had forcefully borne in on me, a rough and disillusioning experience to play Cassandra for a decade. Despair is a despicable refuge; it is some consolation to remember, as Leo Amery remembered during the years when his warnings were disregarded, that "when the high roads are broken up, and the waters out, when a new and troubled scene is opened, and the file affords no precedent, then it is that a greater knowledge of mankind and far more extensive comprehension of things is requisite than ever office gave, or than office can ever give."

The file on Western relations—especially British relations—with the peoples of the Middle East affords no precedent for what has happened in the past few years; the waters are out in full flood, and the high-roads are indeed broken up. But it was not impossible—I have never believed that it was even difficult—to foresee at least a part of the course which events have taken. That there would be a tormented and tormenting crisis in the Lebanon has long been obvious. A sizeable section of the community in the Lebanon, as in Tunisia (the situations in these two countries are analogous), wishes to preserve its Western associations and interests—but on Lebanese terms, not on Western terms. These terms may not appear logical or even ordinarily prudent, in Western eyes; but they are imposed by circumstances over which the Lebanese have no control.

And the Lebanese see themselves not as the tenants of a Western outpost in the Middle East but as an Arab people, jealous of their hardly won independence. In this essential matter they are entirely at one with their neighbours in the United Arab Republic. They are sharply conscious of their Arab inheritance and background; and they are without equivocation proud of it. French civilisation and culture, both before and during the Mandatory era, had a profound influence on their life and thought; but they threw off their political ties with France with just as much zest and promptitude as did the Syrians. They are Arab nationalists to a man.

It was in Beirut that Arab nationalism had its beginnings. In Beirut in the First World War the Turks hanged the first "martyrs" of the Arab awakening. In Beirut Christian and Muslim found their first common meeting-ground in the evocation and sustainment of a consciousness of Arabism. This consciousness is the heritage of Chamoun and Sami es Solh, just as much as it is of the clutter of sinister, brutish and cunning colonels and wing-commanders who rule now in Cairo and Damascus. But, of course, Chamoun and Sami es Solh are much pleasanter people, much easier to talk to, much better mannered and much better educated. So, it must ruefully be recalled, were the pashas and politicians who governed Egypt until July 1952, who now sit about disconsolately in hotels in Lausanne and Geneva, counting their lost opportunities and their negotiable securities.

There is civil war in the Lebanon now not because the Government and its supporters are a whit less patriotically Arab than their opponents, but because they have not come to terms with the revolution which, under the impetus of Egyptian leadership and backed by Soviet money and expert advice (with some Nazi advice thrown in) and Soviet arms, has swept, and is still sweeping, through the Arab world. Nuri es Said and the young Hashemite Kings in Jordan and Iraq are the revolution's implacable enemies; and the monarchical federation which they have devised is their bastion against it, but it is in no sense a Western bastion. Syria has been engulfed by it. The Algerian war, from its first beginnings, has been one of its most provocative and obstinate manifestations. Bourguiba, in Tunisia, like the present Lebanese leaders, has been striving to withstand it—though with rather more prospects of success than they appear to have been granted.

The United Arab Republic may be, by Western standards, a ramshackle affair, politically, militarily and administratively. But Arab standards are not Western standards. To the Lebanese who wish to preserve their country's independence the United Arab Republic presents a formidable threat, which has certainly not diminished in the weeks since internal political tension was converted into open, if desultory, civil war. It is anybody's guess to estimate how much of the country the Government can be said to control; there are whole districts of Beirut itself in which their writ does not run; at least half Tripoli is in rebel, or opposition, hands; Sidon and the mountain country eastwards from Sidon are seething with feuds and factions.

Because the Lebanese are openly and avowedly a mercantile people it is easy—but it is also dangerous—to underestimate the sincerity and persistence of their feelings about politics. It does no good to argue, as several reporters and commentators have done, that the only thing that matters to the Lebanese is making money. This kind of accusation is contemptible, because it is rooted in contempt; and the Lebanese in their present plight do not merit Western contempt. That plight is the result of the Western Powers' folly, negligence and disunity; above all, of their continued misunderstanding of the fundamental causes, as well as the course, of the protracted crisis in the Middle East.

There are no profits and no rewards in being known to be a friend of the West in any country in the Arab world; for many individuals it is physically dangerous to be thus labelled. The anti-Western diatribes that pour out all the time from Cairo and Damascus radios are not mere froth; they can, and do, lead to strife and bloodshed. They are wild distortions of the truth, but this merely adds to their effectiveness, in the long term just as much as in the short term. The time has long since gone by when the mischief done by these radio stations could be neutralised by counter-propaganda.

The British—and the Americans—are despised, as well as hated, by the vast majority of the politically-conscious throughout the Arab world. Even in the Lebanon our remaining friends, who believe in us, trust us, dare speak out on our behalf or have any hope that we shall reassert ourselves and discover and put into execution a straightforward and comprehensible policy, are pitifully few. Old acquaintance, with private citizens, still plays its part, but it is suffused with nostalgia, and perforce unrelated to the present day. For anyone actively engaged in politics to be openly pro-Western is tantamount to suicide. This is the pass to which we have been reduced by our folly in the past ten years.

A REVOLUTIONARY HELICOPTER: The Sikorsky S-62 helicopter, flown publicly for the first time last month, is the first amphibious helicopter built with a flying-boat type hull which will permit landing and take-off from land or water. *Above*—The aircraft is coming in to land on a river near the company's works in Connecticut. *Below*—It has settled on the water. The unique design of the helicopter incorporates inflatable pontoons, which also serve as a housing for the wheels.

THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE: Captain W. Irwin takes off in a Lockheed F-104 Starfighter at Palmdale, California, on a flight during which he set up a new world's speed record of 1,404·19 miles per hour. This figure was almost 200 miles per hour faster than the previous unconfirmed record of 1,207·6 miles per hour. *Below*—Captain Irwin smiles as he climbs out of the cockpit of the F-104 Starfighter. The actual record was established in a twenty-second run along a measured course eight miles high, where he rigidly held the razor-winged interceptor to a fixed altitude to comply with speed record regulations.

AMERICAN AIRCRAFT

Progress and Development in American Aviation

***Below*—**

FOR USE BY THE WORLD'S LEADING AIRLINES: The first Douglas DC-8 four-jet swept-wing civil airliner takes off from Long Beach airport, California, on its maiden flight to Edwards Air Base, in the Mojave Desert. The aircraft is the first of 138 to be built by the Douglas Aircraft Company for service on seventeen of the world's leading airlines. It has accommodation for 118-132 passengers in the first-class version or up to 174 in the "coach" version. It is hoped that in August the first DC-8 will receive its C.A.A. certification.

WITHOUT [illegible]ING A RUNWAY: A U.S. Air Force F-100D Super Sabre is blasted into the air from a mobile launcher during a successful demonstration of a Zero Length Take-off at the Edwar[illegible]s Air Base, in California. The plane is boosted into the air by the thrust of its own engine—a Pratt and Whitney J57-P-21 turbojet with afterburner—and an Astrodyne rocket beneath its tail, developing a 130,000-lb. thrust. This new technique makes it possible to launch aircraft from any small piece of land even in the roughest terrain. The F-100D built by North-American for the U.S.A., is a supersonic fighter-bomber weighing approximately 28,000 lb. when loaded, with a maximum speed of around 750-760 m.p.h.

ON FLIGHT MANŒUVRES: The Douglas Aircraft Company's DC-8 airliner rides majestically through the Californian skies during its initial flight from the plant at Long Beach. The basic aeroplane will be available in a domestic version powered by either the Pratt and Whitney JT3C-6 (J57) or JT4A-3 (J75) turbojet engine, or in an inter-continental version with the JT4A-3 (J75) engine.

SWALLOWING A MISSILE: The clamshell doors of a Douglas Globemaster are opened wide to receive a Thor Intermediate Range Ballistic Missile after it had been on display at Andrews Air Force Base, in Maryland, in the U.S.A. The Globemaster and the Thor were built for the U.S.A.F. by the Douglas Aircraft Co.

SUBMARINE ACTIVITY

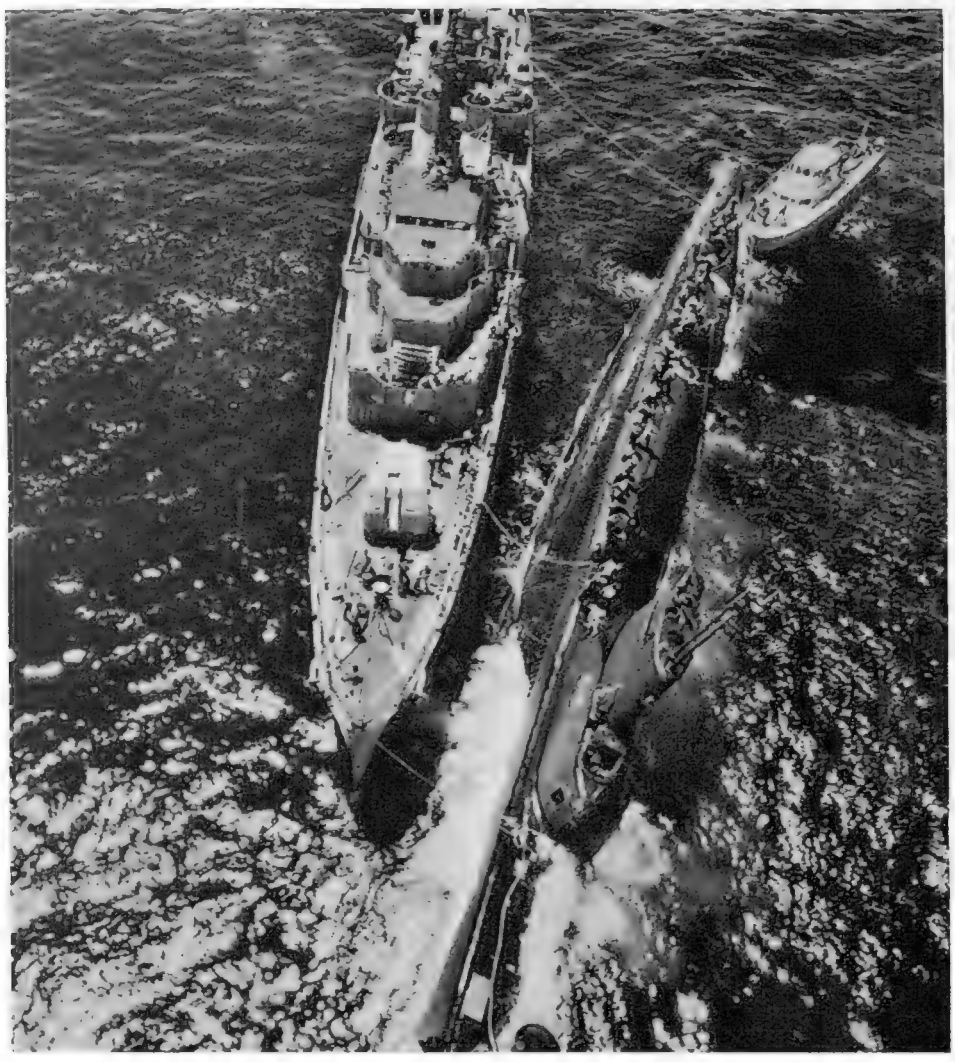
Launched in the U.S.; Sunk in a Collision; Strafed with Machine-gun Fire

On right—

WITH THE APPEARANCE OF A SHARK: The nuclear-powered submarine *Skipjack* stands ready to be launched at the Groton Shipyard, in Connecticut, of General Dynamics Corporation's Electric Boat Division. The revolutionary nature of this submarine, the fourth nuclear-powered underwater craft for the U.S. Navy, consists of a hull with a shark-like configuration, the placing of diving planes on the sail (the vertical conning tower structure) and a single propeller. The previous atomic submarines, all built by General Dynamics, *Nautilus*, *Seawolf* and *Skate*, have twin propellers. These three are now operating with the Atlantic Fleet. The *Skipjack* was launched recently at a ceremony at the shipyard. Admiral Arleigh A. Burke, Chief of Naval Operations, delivered the principal address. Six more submarines of the *Skipjack* class have been ordered by the U.S. Navy and with the same basic hull design, three Fleet Ballistic Missile (Polaris) submarines have been ordered, two to be built by General Dynamics. Also being constructed at the same shipyard is the *Tullibee*, an anti-submarine submarine, and the *Triton*, a massive radar picket submarine with twin reactors, the largest ever built and to be launched this summer.

Below—

THE END OF A SUBMARINE: Listing heavily to port, the *Stickleback*, belonging to the U.S. Navy, is tied up to the destroyer escort *Silverstein* as the submarine's crew are evacuated. The *Stickleback* was rammed by the *Silverstein* 19 miles to the south-west of Pearl Harbour, near Honolulu. It sank five hours later in waters which are nearly two miles deep. All the eighty-two members of the crew were rescued. The submarine was on manœuvres.



STRAFED BY MACHINE-GUN FIRE: The crew of the British submarine H.M.S. *Aurochs* line the deck as she berths at Sydney, in Australia. Off the Celebes Islands, the Northern Islands of Indonesia, she was strafed last month by an unidentified twin-engined aircraft, which attacked the submarine with heavy machine-gun fire. H.M.S. *Aurochs* was not damaged and there were no casualties. She was returning to her base in Australia from Manila after SEATO exercises off Malaya. One of the three Royal Navy submarines based at H.M.A.S. *Penguin*, for anti-submarine training, H.M.S. *Aurochs* is an "A" class submarine, fitted with "Snort" breathing equipment and primarily designed for service in the Pacific. She is of 1,120 tons displacement, standard, with a crew of sixty and is loaned to the Royal Australian Navy.

THE BIGGEST TANKER BUILT IN THE UNITED KINGDOM FOR BRITISH OWNERS: The 42,000-ton *British Duchess* slides into the water after being named by the Duchess of Gloucester at John Brown's shipyard on the River Clyde. The new ship is the first of seven 42,000-tonners to be launched from British yards for the British Petroleum Tanker Company. All seven vessels are expected to be launched before the end of next year. In addition, the B.P. company has on order a number of tankers of 50,000 and 65,000 tons.

BRITAIN'S GIANT TANKER

The 42,000-ton "British Duchess" is Launched on Clydeside

British Duchess is the first of the giant tankers which the B.P. Tanker Company has ordered from British yards. Of 42,000 tons, she is one of two of the same class to be built at the Clydeside yard of John Brown and Co. where the total order at present for the owning company is for six vessels. In addition to the two 42,000-tonners there are two tankers of 50,000 tons each and two of 65,000 tons each. But altogether B.P. has on order, or building, fifty-two tankers which add up to about 2,000,000 tons. This figure includes the seven 42,000-tonners, five more of 65,000 tons each, and ten more of 50,000 tons each. In its construction a larger tanker is cheaper to build than a small one. For instance, a 65,000-tonner requires much less than twice the steel and labour needed to build two vessels of 32,000 tons each. Economies can also be made in the engines, as well as in the running costs. At present the biggest tankers in service with the B.P. Group are three vessels of 35,000 tons each.

The *British Duchess*, which was launched by the Duchess of Gloucester, has an overall length of 710 ft. and a breadth of 95 ft. Her single screw, driven by steam turbines, will give her a service speed of 16 knots. She will have a crew of sixty-three. It is estimated that in one voyage the *British Duchess* will be capable of carrying to the new B.P. oil terminal at Finnart, on Loch Long, sufficient oil to supply all Scotland's needs for a month. Speaking after the launching ceremony, Sir James McNeill, deputy chairman and managing director of John Brown's, said that they were making extensive alterations in their West Yard which were primarily intended to improve the facilities for constructing very large tankers. "It indicates," said Sir James, "our faith in the future and our determination to produce the most efficient and most economical transport." The construction of the bigger tankers is evidence that British oilmen are looking ahead despite the fact that much shipping is at present laid-up in various ports and estuaries.

WHAT A DOCK STRIKE MEANS

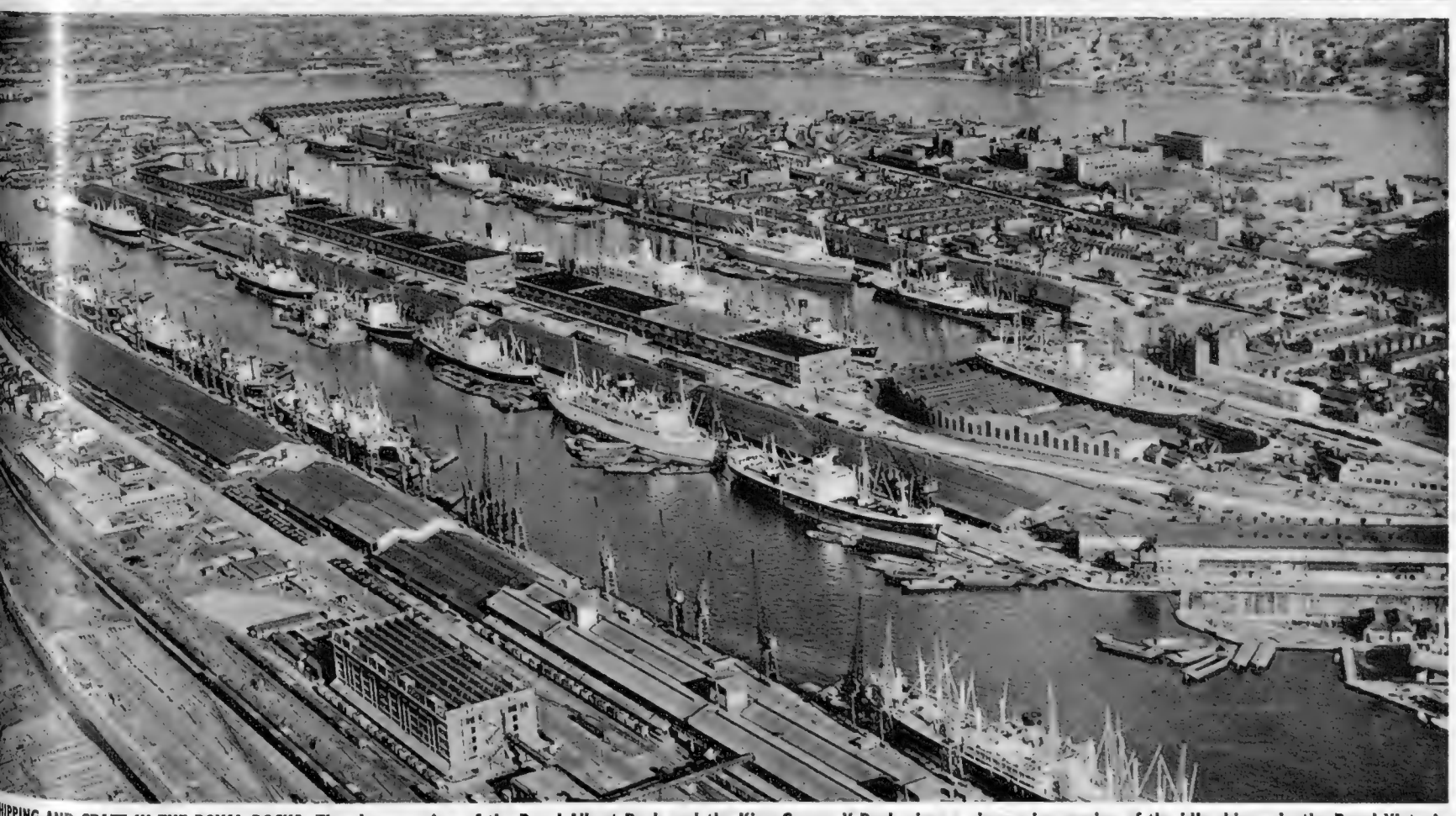
Pictures Showing the Effect of the Strike in the Royal Docks Group

On right—

IDLE SHIPPING IN BRITAIN: The vastness of the Royal Docks Group at Woolwich is captured by the camera as it looks down on the scene of solitude in the Royal Albert Dock, on the left, and the King George V Dock, where shipping lies idle at berth with perishable cargoes in danger of being wasted. Around the ships strike-bound barges are battened down. At the end of the third week of the London dock strike in the river area nearly 16,000 dockers were on strike. The Port of London was at a standstill from the Pool, in the heart of the City, to the King George V Dock at Woolwich. Early last week the number of ships reported idle in the Thames had risen to 101 and 10,000 tons of perishable cargo was in danger of going to waste. Altogether, nearly 60,000 tons of perishable goods were waiting to be moved in ships and barges and at wharves. Only the cargo in the river area was considered in danger of such serious deterioration that it might have to be dumped. Much of this was from the Continent, the journey being short enough to be accomplished without refrigerated vessels. The strike began when men at Tooley Street ceased work in sympathy with strikers at the Smithfield Meat Market. It spread after allegations that staff, other than registered dock workers, were being used to shift cargoes. To companies with refrigerated ships in the Port, the strike meant loss of time and money but not the cargoes. At the end of last week the dockers' leaders recommended a conditional return to work in the very near future.

Below—

THE PATTERN OF DOCK TRANSPORT: Roadway and rail tracks run conveniently parallel to the quay sheds at the Royal Victoria Dock. Behind this dock, on the left, is the Royal Albert Dock and, on the right, the King George V Dock. The Royal Docks Group at Woolwich, the largest sheet of impounded dock water in the world, are inter-connected and comprise 237 acres of water. About half a million tons of shipping can be accommodated at the quays of these docks, which are little more than five miles from the heart of the City.



SHIPPING AND CRAFT IN THE ROYAL DOCKS: The close-up view of the Royal Albert Dock and the King George V Dock gives a clearer impression of the idle ships. In the Royal Victoria Dock, when work failed to start on the unloading of 4,000 tons of Argentine meat from the *Highland Princess*, engineers checked her refrigeration machinery to ensure that the cargo could be kept for as long as needed. At the Royal Docks Group at Woolwich some 5,294 men were on strike. About thirty-two ships were idle and ten undermanned.

THE BEGINNING OF DEVON

In this County of Contrasts, "Exclusive" Sidmouth was Once a Fishing Port in a Big Way, but the River is now Silted up—Evidence of the Power of the Sea

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

'Tis certainly odd that this part of the coast
While neighbouring Dorset gleams white as a ghost,
Should look like anchovy paste spread upon toast.

IT evidently ran in the family. For those lines were written by the Rev. R. H. D. Barham, son of "Ingoldsby Legends" Barham. He was living at Dawlish at the time, and he was describing the south Devon coast.

Devon is a county of contrasts, and nowhere more so than on its coastline: indeed, in no county in Britain can you find a more dramatic contrast than that between the north Devon coast, which is grey and grim and largely composed of slates, and the warm red cliffs of the south Devon coast. It would be true to say that most people, holidaymakers, when they think of Devon, think of it as a county of rich red soil and red cliffs. Of course, it is not. There is a good deal more ordinary coloured soil in the county than there is red, but there is sufficient of the red. So brilliant is it that it colours the imagination for the rest of one's life, so that coming into Devon by one of the southern routes, say A.35 or A.30, one does not feel that one is really in Devon (no matter what the county boundary notices may say) until one sees the red soil and the red cliffs.

Looked at this way, so far as the coast is concerned, Sidmouth may be said to be the beginning of Devon. Geologically speaking, Dorset extends westwards a good way beyond the county border. The higher cliffs are capped by chalk and green sand, resting on clays or marls, and the coastline has, therefore, an astonishing variety of colour. Haven Cliff to the east of Axmouth is sandstone capped with chalk that is detergent white; White Cliff to the west of Seaton, perhaps a mile-and-a-half away as the crow flies, is brown, grey, red and white in contrasting bands; and just around the corner is Beer Head, a great precipice of chalk, dazzlingly white in the sunlight, the most southerly chalk cliff in Britain. Beyond, past Salcombe Regis and all the way to Sidmouth, the cliffs are a sort of heather-mixture of yellow, white, grey, brown and pink.

Does anybody know how Salcombe acquired its "Regis"? Some of the inhabitants maintain that the patronymic was granted by Charles II because Salcombe was the last place in Devon to hold out for his father. But this is simply not true: it was the other Salcombe. Others say that it was granted by Athelstan away back in the tenth century, which is a nice story and I hope they stick to it. All the same, it does seem a little odd, if this is so, that it should not have been used, so far as I can discover, before the late eighteenth century: and even that is doubtful. I have an idea that this may just be a case of "keeping up with the Joneses," in this case with Lyme Regis. Though, of course, Salcombe has not.

From the top of Salcombe Hill cliffs you look down on Sidmouth and across to the true red cliffs of Devon: and to the highest cliff on the south Devon coast, High Peak, jutting 500 ft. above the Tortoiseshell Rocks. The Tortoiseshell Rocks are white and red, deeply serrated, proof of the power of the sea. Closer at hand, within the boundary of Sidmouth, for they lie just below the Connaught Gardens, are the Chit Rocks. Once, these rocks, now wholly covered at high tide, were, in fact, part of the town itself and there were cottages here, in one of which lived Dame Partington. In November 1824, a terrible storm swept along the south Devon coast, reduced the cliff (which was then fairly high) to the present level of the Chit Rocks, and carried away the cottages. At the height of the storm Dame Partington was seen by her neighbours attacking the encroaching waters with mop and bucket, hoping to save her home. A gallant old lady, in my opinion. But she would have been forgotten long since were it not for Sydney Smith.

It was Sydney Smith who immortalised Dame Partington, when he compared the attitude of the House of Lords in rejecting reform to that of this old lady who tried to keep out the sea with a mop and a bucket. "She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but should never have meddled with a tempest."

You can get further evidence of the power of the sea round the corner at Ladram Bay. Ladram Bay is brilliantly red and, since there is some sand as well as shingle, it is a favourite place for bathers and picnickers. Off-shore, some of them only a few yards into the sea, stand stacks of the crumbling red sandstone, now populated by nesting gulls. It is easy enough to see what the sea has done. This coastal erosion, even in sandstone, is a long-term process. But here, and at one or two other places along this coast, you can see it happening. Leave two years between visits, and you can, if you have good eyes and a good memory, see a marked change. I go every year and see some change each time.

Curiously enough, the most noticeable change is high up on the cliffs and not, where you would expect it to be, at water-level. High up, shelves and shallow caves are being worn by stones thrown up by the waves in storm. The stones find a lodgment, and stay there, and are worn more deeply in by each successive storm. The jackdaws and the gulls find resting places, and sometimes plants grow between one year and the next: and the year after have been carried away. At water-level the caves are big and black, and never seem to alter shape. But at each tide the water surges into them, eating ever deeper: and one day the hole bored from above will meet the cave below. And then there is another stack.

Sidmouth was once a fishing port in quite a big way, and in those days the Sid flowed freely to the sea. Now, the Sid reaches the sea with great difficulty, seeping through a high bank of shingle. The silting up of the place might well have meant the death of Sidmouth—as, in fact, it did of Axmouth, a little further to the east and once a most important port—but the fates were kind. It was not Dame Partington who brought fame to Sidmouth, nor Fanny Burney, who wanted so badly to bathe in 1792, but dare not because there was no one to advise her: it was Royalty.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent came to live at what is now the Royal Glen Hotel in the autumn of 1819, and it was here that the young Princess Victoria lived. The Duke of Kent, an immensely strong man, died here of a cold through getting his feet wet—it is said to be the only cold, the only illness, he had in his life—and, though that was only a year after he had come to the place, it made no difference. Sidmouth was made. And, many years later, the Duke of Connaught was to continue the Royal tradition.

We all know what Royal patronage did to Brighton. It had precisely the reverse effect on Sidmouth. What would have happened if the main railway line had come to Sidmouth instead of passing it by is anybody's guess, but it did not. And Sidmouth, probably broken-hearted at the time, soon realised that its greatest asset lay in quiet.

The astonishing thing is that it has been able to maintain it amid all the hustle and the glitter of modern life. There is no pier, no arcade, no fun-fair; there are no ice-cream stalls on the promenade, no cheapjacks; and, if there is a juke-box (the modern symbol of success at the seaside) I have not, thank heaven, heard it. But there are excellent shops (better than you will find in many towns with ten times the population) and really luxurious hotels. Sidmouth is right up to date in everything but manners. The manners—yes, even in the shops—belong to an older and more gracious age. It is no small achievement to have elected throughout the years one Council after another that has proved immune to temptation.

I suppose that the right word for Sidmouth is "exclusive," a word which, nowadays, is much abused. And I have seen Sidmouth abused in print: I have seen it described as "self-important," "self-satisfied." Sidmouth has every reason to be satisfied, for it supplies something which it is almost impossible to obtain at any other seaside resort of comparable size in Britain, and something which is not subject to the rule of "season." Self-important it certainly is not. Self-importance only makes people laugh. You do not laugh at Sidmouth: you either take one look, admit its beauty, and go somewhere else for all the things that are missing; or you fall in love, and return year after year. And this may happen to you at any age.

It might be thought that the great asset of Sidmouth would become a liability as generations, which have never known a more gracious and less-hurried age, grow up. It is not so. And that, when you think of the world we have made, is very reassuring.

SIDMOUTH BETWEEN THE CLIFFS: The camera looks east along the Promenade towards Salcombe Regis. *On left* is the view to the west. From the top of Salcombe Hill cliffs it is possible to look down on Sidmouth and across to the true red cliffs of Devon. When Sidmouth was a fishing port, the River Sid flowed freely to the sea; to-day, it reaches the sea through a high bank of shingle.

A VETERAN'S DERBY WIN

Smirke's Fourth Victory in the Epsom Classic

On left—

NO DOUBT ABOUT THE WINNER: Charlie Smirke on Hard Ridden passes the post five lengths ahead of the rest of the field in the Derby at Epsom. The leaders contesting for the places in the bunch behind are, from left, the Queen's horse, Miner's Lamp; Alberta Blue; the 100 to 1 chance, Paddy's Point (W. Robinson), which was second; Guersillus; Noelor II, the favourite; Nagami (Joe Mercer), which was third, 1½ lengths behind Paddy's Point, and, next to the rails, Baroco II. The fifty-one-year-old Smirke rode a brilliantly-judged race to win his fourth Epsom Derby. It was his perfect grand finale in the greatest of classics, for after the race Smirke announced he would definitely retire from racing at the end of the season.

OWNER OF THREE DERBY WINNERS IN SIX YEARS: Hard Ridden is led in accompanied by his owner, Sir Victor Sassoon, who won the Derby last year with Crepello and in 1953 with Pinza. Hard Ridden, bought in 1956 for only 270 gns., was trained in Ireland.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL PARTY: The Queen stands at the entrance to the grandstand with the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. Her Majesty's Miner's Lamp was sixth and was running on well at the finish.

A DAY TO REMEMBER: A long line of open-topped buses, not from London, provide excellent stands. Although Epsom is in the L.T.E. area the bus strike had no effect on the attendance. *On left*—Crowds gather round bookmakers before the start of the first race.

RACING CATAMARANS

The Increasing Popularity of this Twin-hulled Craft; the Various Types; and Their Advantages and Disadvantages

By GABOR DENES

TWO KINDS OF CATAMARAN: Racing together on the River Colne are *Octapuss* (left), designed locally at Brightlingsea, and *Hi-Fi* (right), a Shearwater owned by Mr. Garry Cowell. The Shearwater class catamaran has an overall length of 16 ft. 6 ins. and a beam of 7 ft. 6 ins.

A JUMPAHEAD: With fully battened mainsail, one of this class of catamaran skates over the surface of the water. Two versions are made—a racing and a family model. Without sails the former costs £260 and the latter £300.

IN his report for 1958 Prince Philip, the President of the Royal Yachting Association, referred to the "new type of racing boat" which had made its appearance and in which he said he was particularly interested. He declared that the R.Y.A. must assist catamaran development, and that the dinghy committee was already taking an interest in developing these boats. Then he went on to predict that there would be a special catamaran committee established in the near future.

This reference focussed attention on "cats," which had been developing rapidly in this country, and also endowed catamaran sailing with a form of "respectability." Before, most sailing people regarded catamaran sailors as cranks. The principle of using twin hulls for sailing is not new; its main advantage is increased stability without excessive weight and displacement. Basically, speed depends on the ratio of power to weight. When sails provide the driving power, the maintaining of stability presents the greatest difficulty. By increasing weight to secure stability, speed is reduced, and thus it can be said that not much can be done to increase further the speed of traditional single-hulled craft.

Racing dinghies improve the power weight ratio by the leverage of their crews sitting out, to some extent without loss of stability, but, needless to say, even this effect has its limits. The catamaran is the logical answer to the problem, as great stability without increase in weight can be obtained by the use of twin hulls.

A catamaran first made its appearance at Cowes in 1955, when a prize was offered for the highest speed reached by any craft under sail. Speeds were measured by radar, and the highest speed was recorded by an 18-ft. catamaran —22½ knots, far in excess of the fastest single-hulled craft. This was *Endeavour*, designed by the Prout Brothers, of Canvey Island, who have made a special study of catamaran design, and who have put in a great deal of experimental work.

Two years later, catamarans made their appearance as a racing class in Cowes Week, and also during the 1957 season there was organised racing for them at Westcliff, where the national championship of the Shearwater Class was held and, later, the national championship for all types of catamarans. During Burnham Week a sizable fleet raced together every day.

It was during Cowes Week, when on the second Saturday most other racing had to be cancelled because it was blowing too hard, that the Duke of Edinburgh expressed the wish that he would like to sail a "cat." He must have enjoyed his two-hour sail in *Endeavour*, with Ken Pearce, the leading catamaran helmsman, and no doubt this personal experience must have prompted his remarks on catamarans made later.

The 18-ft. *Endeavour* has a beam of 9 ft. 6 ins. and this makes it unsuitable for trailing on the road, as it is in excess of the maximum width (8 ft.) allowed. This led her designers to the development of the Shearwater III, whose overall measurements are smaller—overall length 16 ft. 6 ins.; beam 7 ft. 6 ins. The draft of the hulls is 7 ins. and the centreboard 3 ft. The sail area is 160 sq. ft.

The Shearwater III is capable of a speed of over 20 knots, and because it is easy to trail, and relatively easy to build from kits of hulls and other prefabricated parts, it is most popular among the catamarans. Mr. J. Ballard, secretary of the Shearwater Restricted Class Owners' Association, tells me that altogether 560 sail numbers have been issued in this class, of which 100 were allotted to France and 50 to New Zealand. He estimates the number of Shearwaters sailing in British waters to be nearly 400.

Fleets of Shearwaters are now established in many places where there is suitable open water, such as Falmouth, Weymouth, Swanage, Bognor, Hayling Island, Deal, Southend, Canvey Island, Burnham-on-Crouch, Hickling, on the Norfolk Broads, and Lake Windermere. There is also a large fleet at Largs, in Scotland. The principal event of the season will be the Class championship at Bognor on July 5 and a week later about fifty catamarans will race across the Channel from Folkestone to Boulogne, most of which will be Shearwaters.

The cost of a Shearwater, as supplied by Prouts, is £214 complete, but without sails. A suit of Terylene sails costs £39 10s., or the fully battened version £46. For the amateur builder, a kit is available which comprises the complete hulls and spars, with everything else ready for assembly at £129 16s.

Another catamaran which is generally available is the Jumpahead, designed by Bill O'Brien, who is a well-known dinghy designer, and made by Air Service Training Ltd., of Hamble, near Southampton. The hulls are hard chine, the beam is the same as that of the Shearwater, i.e., 7 ft. 6 ins., but the overall length is a little shorter at 16 ft. Two versions of the Jumpahead are made: a racing and a family model. Basically these two are identical, but the family model has such refinements added as self-draining footwells, watertight lockers in each hull, backrests and a perspex spray-screen. The sail area is 167 sq. ft., on a 24-ft. mast, and a reduced rig (118 sq. ft.) is recommended for family cruising.

The price of the racing model is £260 and the family model costs £300, both without sails, or kits can be supplied for home building from £126 upwards according to the amount of work left to be done by the amateur. I understand that the latest sail number issued is 130, and the largest concentration is in the Solent area, where there are twenty-one Jumpaheads, both amateur and professionally built. Several racing fixtures are arranged for the season, culminating in the Jumpahead championships in September.

As might be expected, quite a number of original features are incorporated in the Bell-Cat designed by Uffa Fox for the Bell Woodworking Co., Ltd., who specialise in the production of prefabricated kits for amateur boat-builders: 216 sq. ft. of sail drives this catamaran, which is 19 ft. 6 ins. long overall, with a beam of 9 ft.

The designer has dispensed with a centreboard, and the bridge deck is based on three steel tubes sliding over others which grow out of the hulls, so that the two hulls and the bridge deck can be taken apart for transport. He also has different views on steering. This is what he says: "All the old original catamarans (i.e., those used on the South Seas) had a steering oar. On the Bell-Cat there is a crutch for a steering oar at the back of the cockpit, and if this catamaran can be steered by an oar it will eliminate two rudders, two tillers with the connecting

"ENDEAVOUR" AT COWES: With the weather float out of the water the catamaran sails at speed on one float. It was designed by Prout Brothers, of Canvey Island.

bar, an expense of some £15, and make getting on and off the beach even easier." The Bell Woodworking Co., Ltd., are offering the complete Bell-Cat for £190 or, in kit form, for £139, without sails, the latter cost between £30 and £50.

The great attraction of catamarans is their high speed, but without doubt there are a few snags. Some of these will be overcome by practice and experience of helmsman and crew, others present problems still to be solved by the designers of future models. It is most exciting to skate over the water at 20 knots on two hulls, but increased speed and possible "planing," heeled over with one hull out of the water, is not easily achieved without the risk of capsizing. And righting a capsized catamaran is much more difficult than righting a modern racing dinghy, and requires a lot of practice.

Tacking efficiently presents a problem to those who are used to handling conventional sailing dinghies, which go about very quickly. Due to the catamaran's light displacement, it loses way rapidly when turning head to wind, and will make sternway easily. The fact that the outer float has to turn round a larger circle than the inner one requires greater turning momentum when tacking. All this means that the crew must be precise in choosing the right moment for letting fly the jibsheet—not before it is slightly aback—and quick in sheeting it in on the new tack. I am assured that with practice a catamaran can be put about in ten seconds, but even this is much longer than a well-designed modern racing dinghy.

Their great speed when reaching, and their relative slowness in going about, make catamarans ideal for open waters, and not so suitable for the confined space of rivers. These peculiarities may also cause some embarrassment when "cats" are racing in the same water with other conventional craft, and the rules of the road, or the racing rules, have to be obeyed, as it may prove difficult for other helmsmen to anticipate the catamarans' movements when one of them has to give way.

However, it is not likely that the rules will be amended to allow for the peculiarities of "cats"—it is hoped that the difficulties will disappear as their capabilities become better known. A great advantage of the catamaran is its seaworthiness; it has far less motion than a conventional boat of the same size, and is generally considered safer, though capsizes are more of a problem.

Apart from the established classes of catamarans of which I have given an account, a large number of amateur and professional designers have produced their own versions, and many are busy developing new types and experimenting. In the meantime, catamarans have arrived, and are here to stay.

On right—

ANOTHER TYPE OF CATAMARAN: Designed by Uffa Fox for the Bell Woodworking Co., Ltd., with several novel features, is the Bell-Cat. This type has no centreboard.

SHOWING ITS PACES: A Shearwater III class catamaran speeds across the sea. It is capable of over 20 knots. Nearly 400 Shearwaters are being sailed around the shores of Britain. It is a popular catamaran, easy to transport on a trailer behind a car.

CONTRASTS IN A MOTHER'S AND SON'S CHOICE IN TRAVEL COMFORT: *Left*—The drawing-room in the railway coach used by Queen Victoria. The quilted walls are of blue silk and on the floor is an Axminster carpet. *Right*—In King Edward VII's coach the furnishing is brighter and less ornate. King George V later travelled in it. Both coaches are at present on view at Carlisle as part of the city's octocentenary celebrations. Last month they were on show in a railway exhibition at York.

ROYAL PALACES ON WHEELS

Railway Coaches Used by Three British Sovereigns

Two Royal railway coaches are at present on view in Carlisle. Their exhibition is part of the city's celebration of its 800th anniversary. In the latter part of last month the coaches were seen in York, where they were shown at the Old Station, to coincide with the reopening of the Small Exhibits Section of the York Railway Museum. Queen Victoria's coach was built in 1869. In spite of the heavy furnishings in most of the compartments—quilted ceilings and walls and tassels and fringes encumbering the eye—one is still astonished at the apparent spaciousness for the Royal traveller. The Queen frequently used the coach from Gosport, where she landed from Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, for journeys to Windsor or to Balmoral. Until the end of her days she would never allow gas or electricity to be installed. Lighting was by candles or oil lamps.

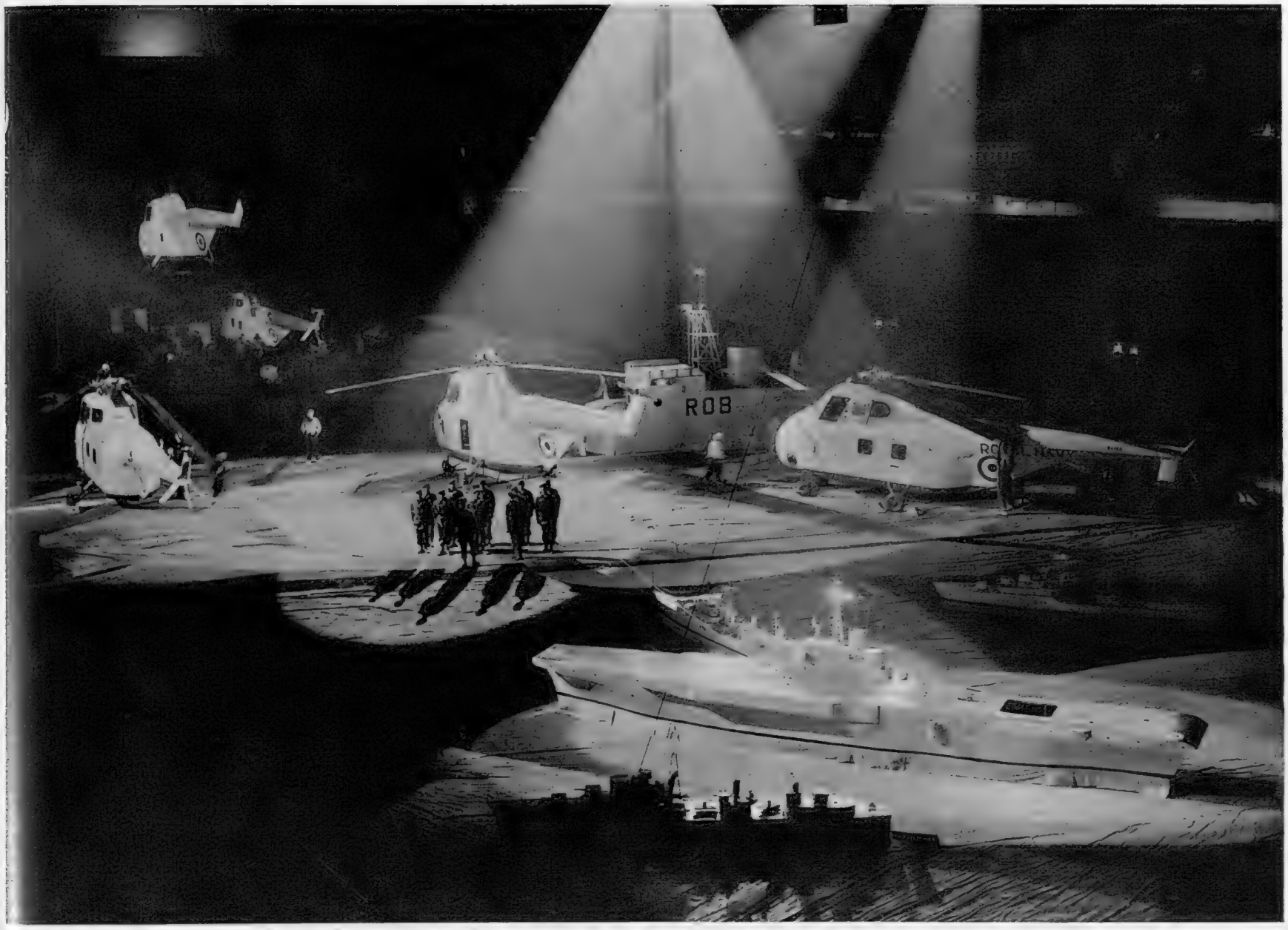
Edward VII showed a more sophisticated taste in decoration. His coach (built in 1903) has been aptly described as being in the style of a "King of Clubland." Additions were made, notably the bathroom, by King George V and Queen Mary during the 1914-18 war. The old coaches are kept at Wolverton, in Bucks, with the Royal coach at present in use.

On left—
A ROYAL BATHROOM: It was added to King Edward's coach by King George V and Queen Mary during the First World War when they lived on the train for days at a time in their travels.

Above—
THE EXTERIOR OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S COACH: Painted in the old London and North-Western colours, it is decorated with the Royal Arms and Badges of Orders. The coach is seen here at York.

A FINE EXAMPLE OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY INTERIOR DECORATION: Queen Victoria's travelling bedroom has twin brass bedsteads and a white-quilted ceiling. Here she slept when, after crossing from Osborne, she travelled from Gosport to Balmoral.

KING EDWARD'S AND KING GEORGE'S BEDROOM: There is a cluster of switches above the bedside table. In Queen Victoria's coach candles and oil-lamps supplied the lighting as she refused to allow gas or electricity to be installed for her travels.



A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE VERSATILE VALUE OF THE HELICOPTER: Men stand on the flight-deck of an aircraft-carrier as helicopters prepare to take off for a "tropical island" to help natives stricken during a volcanic eruption. This "Rotor Rescue" by the Royal Navy's Commando Carrier Task Force is one of the highlights of the sixty-eighth Royal Tournament being held currently at Earls Court. The rescue is one of the new events in a programme which includes many old favourite items..

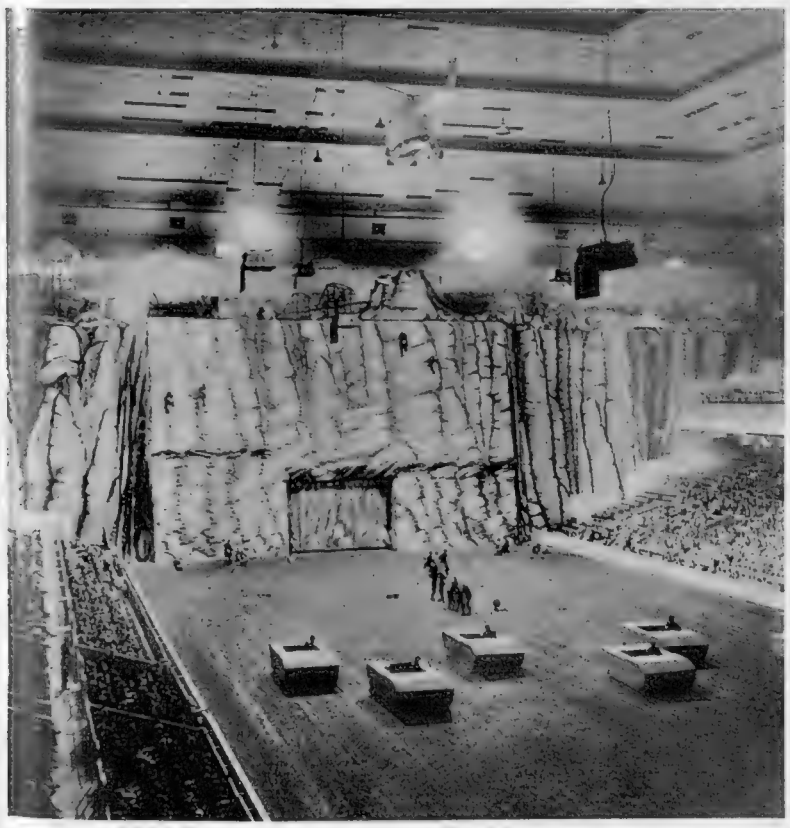
THE SERVICES ON SHOW

Skill and Thrills Combine in the Royal Tournament

More skill and thrills than ever before combine in this year's Royal Tournament. Now in its sixty-eighth year, the show has firmly established itself as one of the most spectacular of the numerous annual events in the London calendar. For a long time it has had the reputation of combining the traditional with the original, and this year is no exception. At Earls Court, where the event is in progress until Saturday, June 21, the many hundreds of people who have already seen the programme have been greatly impressed by the courage and fitness, discipline and teamwork.

Since the first Royal Tournament was held as a private venture in 1880 the promoters, with nearly every display a favourite, have had to resist the temptation of including the same items year after year. In this current edition there is, as previously, a happy blend of old favourites and new items.

Among the latter is a dramatic and spectacular "Rotor Rescue" carried out by the Royal Navy's Commando Carrier Task Force. This shows the enormous versatility of the helicopter, which to-day, as well as being accepted as a capable and trustworthy means of conveyance, is used for many important tasks in Naval Operations. Among the old favourites is the field-gun display and competition by the Royal Navy and a night raid by the Royal Marines Commandos. And, of course, no Royal Tournament would be complete without the musical drive by the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, and the Musical Ride by the Household Cavalry.



A RAID BY THE ROYAL MARINES COMMANDOS: The cliff assault represents a typical Commando operation which might be staged against an enemy-held coastline. It is being carried out by experts of 42 Commando Royal Marines.

A TRADITIONAL NAVAL COMPETITION: Field-gun teams from the Fleet Air Arm and Portsmouth compete for the annual cups in handling field guns over and through a series of difficult obstacles. At alternate performances the competitors come from Chatham and Devonport.

BRITAIN'S NEW-TYPE LIFEBOAT

A Revolutionary Type of Non-Capsizable Craft is Demonstrated

Early summer holidaymakers at Littlehampton, in Sussex, were among the first people to see Britain's revolutionary lifeboat show its paces at a demonstration near the quay. The lifeboat is remarkable in that it is non-capsizable. It has been built for the Royal National Lifeboat Institution by Messrs. William Osborne Limited. The new self-righting designs were drawn up by Mr. R. A. Oakley.

Five years' research work has preceded the appearance of the lifeboat, which is for use at stations where the craft must be transported over a beach and launched by a tractor. Of the 155 stations manned by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution round the coasts of Britain and Ireland, forty of them are places where the lifeboat is not launched by a slipway. After a successful testing of models, Osborne's boatyard was commissioned to build, at a cost of £23,000, a 37-ft. lifeboat incorporating the best features of the lifeboats currently used by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

For the tests at Littlehampton, the craft was deliberately capsized several times, sometimes over 180 degs., with the aid of a crane and sling. As the boat was pulled over, the latter was released. On each occasion that the lifeboat was overturned it righted itself in a matter of seconds and unshipped much of the water which had accumulated in the cockpit in an amazingly quick time. The self-righting quality is caused by the speedy transfer of 1½ tons of water ballast through valves from tank to tank to bring the boat the right way up.

During the summer the new lifeboat is to go on an extensive tour of about seventeen lifeboat stations, mainly on the east coast, where there is no mooring or slipway. During the winter the lifeboat will be tried out from one of these stations.

A NEW TYPE OF LIFEBOAT IS TESTED: The 37-ft. lifeboat is seen righting itself automatically a few seconds after being deliberately capsized during trials at Littlehampton, in Sussex. Watched by holidaymakers, the lifeboat was capsized four times and each time righted itself in six seconds. The design relies upon 1½ tons of water ballast passing through valves from tank to tank to bring the boat the right way up.

On left—

ROLLING OVER IN THE WATER: To capsize the lifeboat for the trials, a large crane and sling were used from a quay. As the craft was slowly pulled over the sling was released. The lifeboat was built to Mr. R. A. Oakley's designs.

THE CAPSIZED LIFEBOAT RIGHTS ITSELF: *Left*—The craft has been overturned with the aid of a crane and sling. *Right*—It has righted itself within a few seconds of the sling being released. When the lifeboat capsized to starboard it rolled completely, making a 360-deg. turn at such speed that the water in the cockpit was thrown out. Capsized to port, the ballast began to move before the boat was completely over and it righted itself on the same side. The craft is to tour lifeboat stations

REFUELLING DURING THE NATO EXERCISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: The U.S. Navy's aircraft carrier *Saratoga*, her flight-deck crowded with jet aircraft, is refuelled by the U.S. oiler *Mississinewa*. The heavy fuel lines can be seen joining the two ships together as they steam side by side in the Mediterranean during the NATO exercise "Medflex Fort." They were two of the units of the U.S. Navy taking part with about twenty ships of the British Mediterranean Fleet, including the aircraft carrier *Ark Royal*, the cruisers *Bermuda* and *Sheffield*, the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Destroyer Squadrons, and the Fifth Frigate Squadron. Also participating in the exercise were units from the French, Greek, Italian and Turkish fleets. Originally, "Medflex Fort" was designed to range the whole 2,000 miles of the Mediterranean, but units of the British Fleet operated only in the Eastern Basin in case it should be necessary to evacuate British Nationals from the Lebanon.

DEMONSTRATED IN PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME: The Fairey Rotodyne stands on the airfield at White Waltham, near Maidenhead, just before taking off. This remarkable machine, a combination of helicopter and fixed-wing aircraft, is the world's first vertical take-off and landing airliner. It is able to cruise at 185 m.p.h., and can carry up to forty-eight passengers or 12,000 lb. of freight.

AIRCRAFT EXERCISES

Refuelling the U.S. Aircraft Carrier "Saratoga"; and the Fairey Rotodyne

On left—

During a speech at the public demonstration, the chairman of the Fairey Aviation Company, Mr. G. W. Hall, doubted whether future Government financial support for the Rotodyne would be enough to enable it to be developed at a sufficient rate to maintain the lead they had at present of three to five years. He emphasised that the problems that the company had had to solve in the building of such a radical aircraft had led to the Company possessing unique knowledge and experience. The Minister of Supply indicated that the Government was prepared to continue to support the project, but that he was awaiting financial proposals from the companies concerned—Fairey and Napier. Mr. Richard Fairey said, at White Waltham, that airframe and engine costs for two more prototypes and two pre-production aircraft would amount to a sum between £8,000,000 and £10,000,000.

THE FIRST HEAT EXCHANGER IS LIFTED TO POSITION: At the Nuclear Power Station at Bradwell, in Essex, the first of the twelve 200-ton heat exchangers is raised by the "Goliath" crane, the largest and most powerful of its kind in the country. The heat exchanger had been floated down the coast to Bradwell from the works of Head Wrightson and Co. Ltd., at Thornaby-on-Tees.

GIANTS AT BRADWELL

The First of Twelve Heat Exchangers is Lifted into Position at the Nuclear Power Station

The first of the twelve heat exchangers for the Nuclear Power Station at Bradwell, in Essex, is now in position. It was placed beside one of the two nuclear reactors last week after completing a 297-mile-long sea journey. On account of its size it could not be sent by rail or road from the works at Thornaby of Head Wrightson (a member of the Nuclear Power Company), so it was decided that it should go by sea. This decision was made as the fabricating shops and the power station are both situated on rivers on the east coast. Great care was taken to ensure that the heat exchanger remained watertight while under tow. At Bradwell, the massive object was lifted into position by "Goliath," the mobile overhead girder-type of crane which may well be the largest of its type in the world.

Each of the twelve heat exchangers is a 200-ton vertical pressure vessel 92 ft. 4½ ins. long and 19 ft. in diameter over the major portion of its length. The heat exchange system consists of three vessels placed on two sides of each reactor to give a compact arrangement which is totally enclosed by a glazed structure. The vessels are filled with special finned tubing, and in all some 200 miles of tubing will be needed for the twelve vessels. Water enters the tubing at the bottom of the exchangers and flows upwards through two separate circuits, one a low-pressure and the other a high-pressure system, eventually being turned into superheated steam by the hot CO_2 gas circulating through the reactor.

THE LIFT IS UNDER WAY: The heat exchanger is being lifted in preparation for the final move beside the reactor. Three heat exchangers will be placed on two sides of each of the two reactors.

On right—

PREPARING FOR THE LIFT: Shackles for the lifting operation are fastened to the top of the heat exchanger. Each shell is large enough to house eight double-decker buses.

THE FURNITURE INDUSTRY AND RESTRICTIONS

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE hire-purchase restrictions which were introduced as long ago as February 1955, and which still, though modified, remain in force, were put on by the Government to moderate spending on "Durable consumer goods." So far as most of the things which fall into that clumsily-labelled category are concerned, their effect seems by now largely to have worn off. Car sales have been booming for months; refrigerator sales had already picked up by this time last year; more radio sets, gramophones, and television sets were sold last year than ever before, though there has been some slackening again this spring.

Even sales of gas and electric heaters, which had not recovered, should be stimulated again this autumn by the recent cuts in purchase tax. But there is one sector of this market, perhaps the most essential of all these durable goods, which seems still to be depressed by the hire-purchase regulations—furniture. And this industry, apart from a trifling reduction in tax on hallstands and the like, gained no relief from the Budget.

Four years ago this industry was employing about 100,000 people on furniture production; to-day this figure is down to about 85,000, and it was recently reckoned that out of these nearly 20,000 were working short-time or on restricted production. Deliveries are not down as much as that: the Board of Trade estimates that last year they were only about 13 per cent. below the peak production achieved at the end of 1954. But in the first quarter of this year, allowing for changes in price, they were again about 5 per cent. down on the same months last year—and orders on hand were 15 per cent. lower. Sales by furniture shops, again, do not seem to have come down as much, but the trade avers that this is because over the last few years retailers have been forced to supplement their main stock-in-trade with a variety of other hardware that has been selling better.

The industry itself has no doubt whatever that it is the hire-purchase restrictions which have pulled business down from the high levels of four years ago (when for a time it was producing twice the volume of furniture that it had immediately after the war). There are certainly few businesses in which hire purchase plays as important a part. Even before the war, more than half the sales of furniture appear to have been made on instalment terms. To-day the Board of Trade thinks that the proportion of sales on hire purchase is rather less than half; the trade would put it higher, and certainly many of the biggest sell a very large proportion of their furniture on credit of one kind and another. Total spending on furniture and furnishings in Britain in 1956 was close on £500,000,000, of which furniture may well have accounted for £300,000,000; this would put hire-purchase sales of furniture at something approaching £150,000,000 that year.

At its post-war peak in late 1954 a large proportion of hire-purchase sales in this trade were of the no-deposit variety: the imposition of a 15 per cent. minimum deposit at the beginning of 1955 wiped that out. For a time, some retailers then used the "rental" system in selling furniture, but later regulations restricted this quite as effectively as ordinary hire purchase. Some firms in the trade never did no-deposit selling anyway. The restriction that has affected hire purchase for all of them has been the banning of the "add to" system in this trade, by which a customer who was paying instalments under a hire-purchase agreement could add some extra purchases to the original agreement once he had paid off a given number of instalments. To the official mind, this may well have opened too many loopholes for getting through the general credit restriction: to the furniture shop, it hit a kind of trade upon which much importance was placed, the gradual furnishing of homes by young couples paying steadily on instalments.

It may be that furniture sales would have slackened anyway by now: the housing boom was giving more families a chance to furnish anew a couple of years ago than it is to-day. But a recent survey commissioned by the industry suggests that sales were down markedly more among companies which had been doing a lot of hire purchase than among those relying more on cash sales. And the slight recovery achieved last year in the volume of sales from the levels of 1956, the nadir of the recession, seems to have been largely by the use of credit sales agreements—where the period of repayment is shorter, but the customer can at least take the article away on paying the first instalment.

Furniture manufacturers have been the more aggrieved by this official damper on their activities because they feel their boom of 1953-54 was the only brief period of really private enterprise they have been allowed since the war. Until 1952, about 90 per cent. of the furniture made in Britain still came under the utility scheme which had so long outlasted the war, and this system of compulsory construction standards severely limited makers' initiative in design. It did not prevent considerable advances in productive efficiency—with increasing labour costs encouraging mechanisation, this industry has turned from a craft into a job of production engineering since the war. But it made it difficult for new, lively firms to get ahead.

The end of the utility scheme happened, in any case, to coincide with quite a major shift in public taste in furniture. In style, this was the widening of interest in "contemporary" styles throughout a far wider range of the market than ever before. In terms of items of furniture, it has tended to reduce demand for the heavier dining-room furniture, and also for suites for drawing-rooms and bedrooms. In many modern households one room or two opening into one another combine the two living-rooms; moreover, there has been a swing towards buying single items rather than the complete suite.

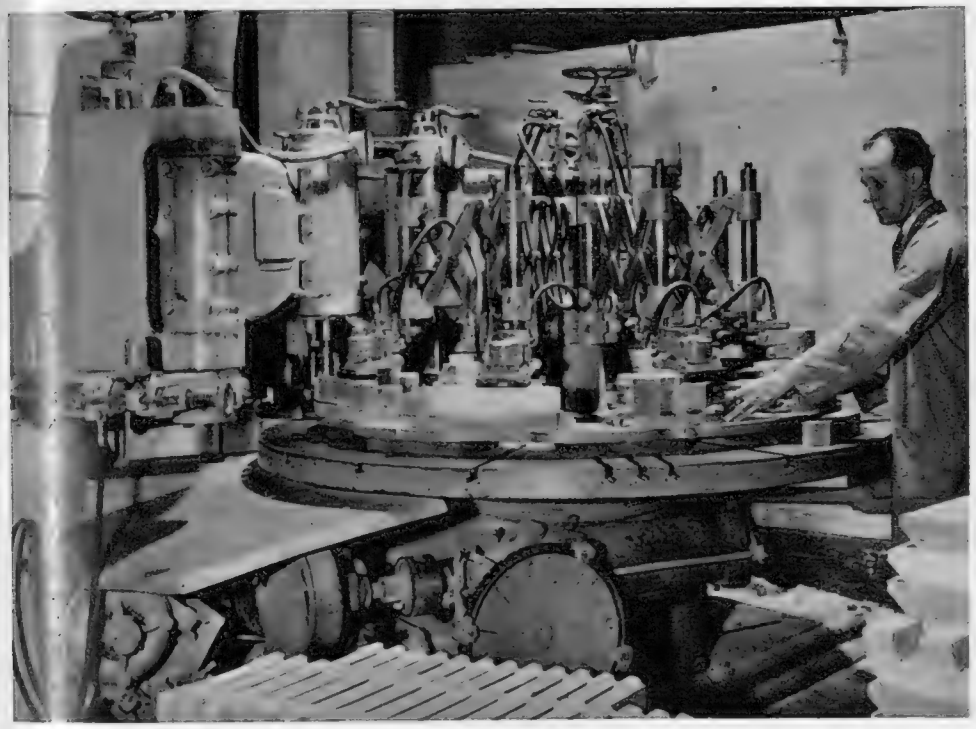
These changes in design have been associated with the emergence of a number of larger firms in this industry—and with the establishment of a number of nationally-known brands of furniture by intensive advertising. Furniture is awkwardly bulky stuff, expensive to transport and traditionally it has always been made by small firms supplying mainly their own localities. Certain areas where large amounts of timber used to be available, such as High Wycombe, and places near ports where it is imported, such as London (about 45 per cent. of all Britain's furniture is made in Shoreditch) are traditional centres, but most major areas of population have had their own small-scale industries. And before the war few customers knew the name of the maker of the furniture they bought: their confidence in quality rested on the reputation of the shop they bought it from.

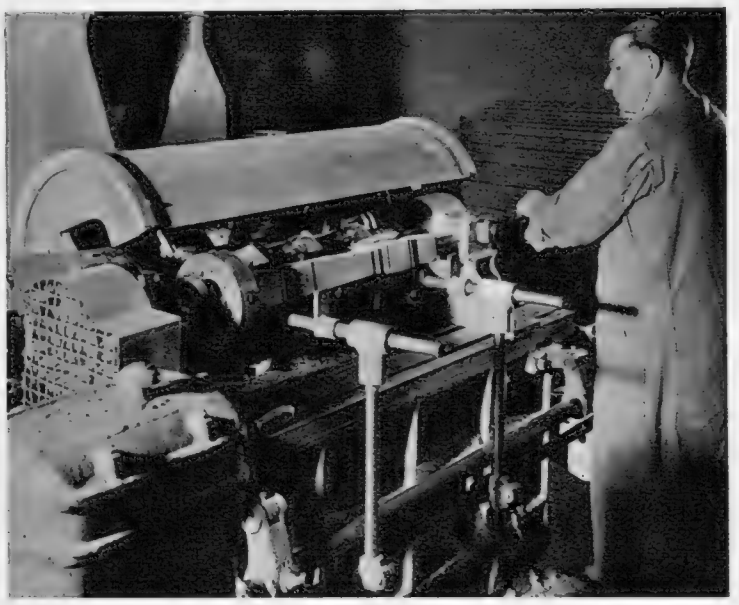
It still does, to some extent, to-day; and certainly, with the concentration of retailing into big multiple chains such as Great Universal Stores (controlling 400 stores), the influence of the retailer is as strong as ever. Nevertheless, a number of outstanding manufacturing companies have established their own brand names by steady advertising and distinctive design, particularly in the shift towards "contemporary" styles. This is still an industry of small-scale production: though Harris Lebus is among the largest furniture producing organisations in the world, it makes well under 10 per cent. of all Britain's furniture. But it is now a fairly highly-mechanised one, with conveyer systems and power equipment of every kind to assist the semi-skilled worker.

Apart from changes in style, there have been technical changes in construction of recent years. Plywoods and blockboards of various types have become far more widely used. To the customer, there may still be some slight stigma attaching to the idea of veneered plywood: "solid" is still rather a magic adjective. But comparatively little of to-day's furniture is solid wood of any kind; plywood is in many ways a more reliable material to work with under mechanised methods, and wartime techniques have given the industry a variety of new resin glues for lamination.

Another change, quickening of late, is the substitution of latex foam for spring upholstery in cushioned furniture. Contemporary styles, in any case, are leaning towards lighter sitting-room furniture, against the heavily-padded armchairs and settees of a few years ago; the loose cushion, made simply by covering a latex foam pad, is in many ways simpler to make. Traditional upholstery operations can hardly be mechanised—though some firms have organised quantity production of spring furniture with considerable efficiency. The newer padding material has a long way to go before it conquers the market, particularly in bedding; but it may be significant that of late many of the worst-hit among manufacturers have tended to be specialists in upholstery.

This is an industry already going through considerable travail in styles and in production techniques, and recovering from an official straitjacket on design and construction standards; deliberate restriction of its selling power has been an additional burden for the last few years. In furniture, one cannot squeeze the home market and hope that exports will come neatly out, either. Because of difficulty in transport, and in Britain's case because we enjoy no advantages of cheap local wood, furniture is not exported on any very large scale, though a number of British makers have achieved quite good sales in the Commonwealth. No industry will be more pleased than this one when the Government decides that the time has come to take the brakes off the British economy.





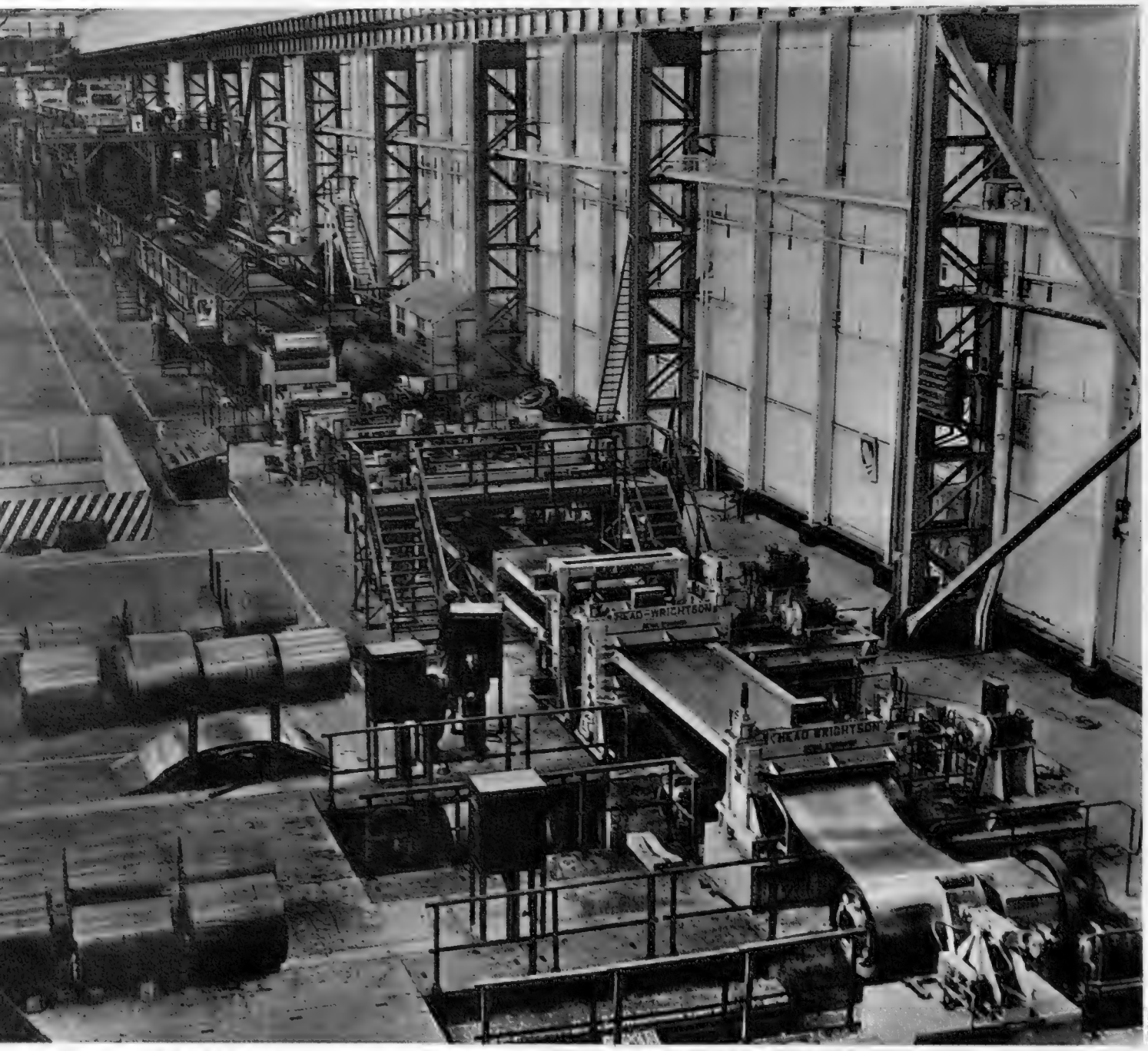
MACHINERY IN A FURNITURE FACTORY: At the Harris Lebus factory at Tottenham, North London, the machinist is operating a Mattison lathe to turn a leg for a dining table. *On left*—The Onsrud revolving table shaping machine is producing end rails for tables. A further picture taken at the Lebus factory is reproduced on the next page.

On right—

FURNITURE MAKING IN LONDON

This general view of part of the factory of Harris Lebus Ltd., at Tottenham, shows the cross-cutting section in the Mill. Here, the men are cross-cutting lumber in preparation for further machining operations. The firm of Harris Lebus, which has been established as furniture manufacturers for approximately 100 years, became a limited company in 1947. Their works at Tottenham cover an area of about 45 acres and form one of the largest furniture factories in the world. The factory is equipped with the most modern machinery for producing domestic furniture (traditional and contemporary), and every process from actually drying the timber to complete assembly is carried out on the spot. It also has its own chemical and physical laboratories for research and testing, and produces its own power supply for full-scale production. All the amenities applicable to a modern factory are available to the firm's 4,000 employees.

In June last year the firm opened a new warehouse which occupies some 250,000 sq. ft. This is linked to the main factory by a conveyer-belt system, which carries furniture from the factory to the warehouse for final handling. Part of the firm's vast fleet of vans, which carries merchandise to every part of Great Britain, is housed in bays at this warehouse. Harris Lebus also have a separate factory at Woodley, near Reading, in Berkshire which is wholly devoted to the production of upholstery.



THE LARGEST CONTINUOUS GALVANISING LINE IN GREAT BRITAIN

On left—

Designed to produce up to 10 tons of either galvanised sheet or coil per hour in a wide range of widths and thicknesses is the Arnco-Sendzimir Continuous Galvanising Line, built by the Head Wrightson Machine Company Ltd., of Middlesbrough, for the Ebbw Vale Works of Richard Thomas and Baldwins Ltd.: 700 ft. in length, 36 ft. wide and up to 45 ft. high, the line consists of an entry section with duplicate uncoiling and shearing equipment followed by welding and side-trimming equipment. After this there is a furnace section where the surface of the strip is oxidised, uniformly deoxidised in preparation for coating, and then annealed in an inert gas atmosphere. After it has been coated with zinc the strip is passed through a controlling section, incorporating equipment giving the required mechanical properties for subsequent drawing and forming operations. Finally the strip passes to the runout section where it is coiled or cut up.

The line is designed to receive coils of strip up to 48 ins. wide and 15 tons in weight direct from the cold-rolling mill. Long horizontal looping sections allow the strip to run at continuous speeds of as much as 250 ft. per minute through the furnace when the entry section is stopped so that coils can be welded together, or when the exit section is stopped so that coils or packs of sheets can be removed. To make up for time lost by stoppage in these sections they are designed to run at speeds of up to 350 ft. per minute.

Specially designed pinch rolls with sensitive tension control are provided for pulling the strip through the line. The total length of strip in the line at any one time is about 2,000 ft. A feature of this plant is that with the special surface preparation and method of coating, the zinc alloy has an adherence sufficient to withstand drawing and forming operations to the limit of the steel base.

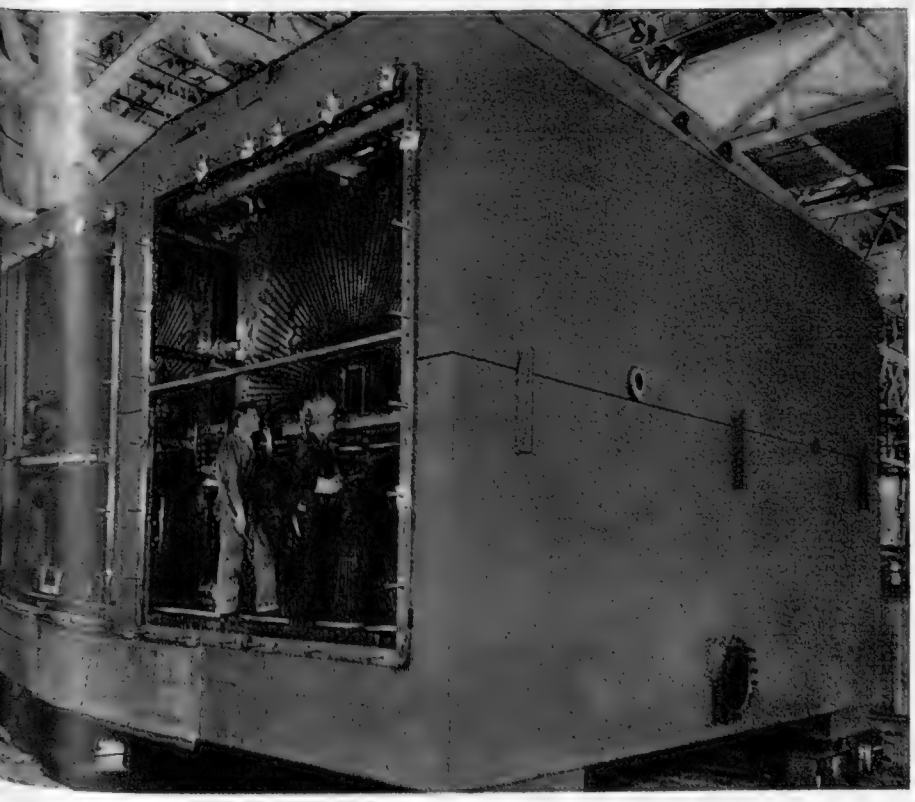
PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A VAST NEW I.B.M. INDUSTRIAL PLANT

The striking aerial photograph gives an overall view of the 210-acre section encompassed by International Business Machines Corporation's new industrial plant at San Jose, California, about 14 miles south of San Francisco Bay. Designed by a San Francisco architect, Mr. John S. Bolles, it has been selected as one of ten best industrial plants in the United States. In the foreground is the Research Laboratory with parking area. The buildings in the centre include the Educational and Cafeteria and Lounge blocks. The large buildings in the background, from right to left, include the Production Development Building, Manufacturing, Machining and Modifications Buildings, and the Power Plant.

International Business Machines is a world-wide organisation with four main products—electronic data processing machines, punched card accounting machines and ancillary equipment, electric typewriters and time recording equipment. In America, I.B.M. has a high proportion of the total business derived from office automation, as well as having an important Military Products Division. I.B.M. World Trade Corporation, which co-ordinates activities outside the United States, is now operating in over eighty countries, in many of which I.B.M. has been established for over 30 years. I.B.M. has production plants in the United States, France, Italy, Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands, Sweden, the Argentine, Australia, and Japan. In all, I.B.M. employs over 60,000 people in its offices and factories throughout the world. Though closely associated with the I.B.M. World Trade Corporation, I.B.M. United Kingdom Limited was formed in 1951 with a British staff and a strong backing from British shareholders. In addition to its ten-storey headquarters in Wigmore Street, the Company already has branch offices in eight provincial towns and cities, and plans to enlarge its factory at Greenock, Scotland, have recently been announced. Though still relatively new in this country, I.B.M. claims to be operating data processing installations for almost every type of business and industry.

I.B.M. AT THE BRUSSELS FAIR: Princess Birgitta, on left, and Princess Désirée of Sweden question the I.B.M. 305 RAMAC machine at the Brussels Exhibition. This accounting system records 5,000,000 digits of historical information. On being given a year from A.D. 1 to A.D. 1958, the machine can, within a second, print out corresponding events in one of ten languages.



On left—

AN ENORMOUS STEAM CONDENSER FOR JAPAN

Technicians assemble the condenser's final components in Westinghouse Electric's division at Sunnyvale in the U.S.A. It is for Kansai Electric Power, Osaka, Japan. The exhaust steam of a 156,250-kilowatt turbine-generator will be passed through this large unit and condensed into water for re-use in the electric power-producing continuous cycle. When ready for installation the condenser, which weighs approximately 325 tons, will occupy 1,092 sq. ft. of floor space. It is 26 ft. wide, 42 ft. long and 30 ft. high. Prior to its erection in Japan, craftsmen will install more than 80 miles of aluminium-brass tubing in the condenser. Altogether there will be 14,100 tubes, each 30 ft. long. In its operation, some 103,000 gallons of cooling water per minute will be circulated through the tubes to cool and condense approximately 673,000 lb. of steam per hour. Because of its weight and size, the condenser will be shipped from Sunnyvale in nineteen sections and then reassembled in Japan.

The World of Books

FAMILIAR FIGURES SEEN ANEW

Essays of "Tingling Freshness"; A Dutchman's Views on Britain; The Adlon and Atomic Energy; Sages and Martyrs; Novels About Many Lands

TO hear about a new collection of essays is not always to be seized by a burning desire to rush to the nearest bookshop to buy them, however scholarly, gentle, witty and civilised they may be on hearsay. Notwithstanding this, there *is* such a new book which should not be missed even if you take its purchase fairly calmly. ENGLAND'S ON THE ANVIL (Collins. 18s.) is a set of portraits and essays by Mr. John Raymond, who has been a literary journalist for about ten years and who has chosen the pieces which he evidently found most representative of his own opinion, and most varied as diet for the reader. He has written about, among others, Sydney Smith, whom Lord Lansdowne once penetratingly called "an odd mixture of Punch and Cato"; about Kipling, about John Buchan's novels, about an Indian politician, about Maugham "always his own best critic," and about Victorian headmasters. His essays have a tingling freshness as if all his observations were new-minted.

Mr. Henry Williamson, who can write about otters slightly better than the next man, has produced a book about a trout stream, the improvement and stocking of which occupied him for some years at one period in his life. A CLEAR WATER STREAM (Faber. 15s.) had its genesis on Exmoor and was still a peaty, amber colour when it reached the valley where the author then lived. It held a number of fish but they were small and Mr. Williamson hoped for greater things. He made dams, opened up old stone weirs and made them workable, introduced weeds and water buttercup which spread as fast as rabbits and had to be scythed, hauled, loaded and driven away by him. Occasionally the work and the worry became too much and he would escape to Florida or Canada for a fishing holiday, but mostly he worked at the little river until the day came when he could watch the fishes' satisfactorily plump shapes gliding near the ornamental bridge which he frequented. He came to know them individually and, *of course*, there was no question of fishing for them. A charming book, remote and happy.

Mr. J. H. Huizinga is a Dutch journalist of fairly long experience, a man of many travels and, weighing the pros and the cons, an admirer of his adopted country, England. Perhaps, though, that is going too far. He has a great affection and, after many false starts, a real understanding of her. Admiration is not common coin with him. Mr. Huizinga is a convinced European federalist and writes of the significance of Britain's move towards throwing in her lot with Europe. He recognises it as revolutionary, from this country's point of view, and he does not underestimate its importance. His book has much good sense, an underlying seriousness and enough that is provocative and even startling to make these CONFESSIONS OF A EUROPEAN IN ENGLAND (Heinemann. 25s.) the expression of an opinion to be reckoned with.

The Hotel Adlon, which stood at the top of Unter den Linden, in Berlin, was unquestionably one of the best hotels in the world and, like all smoothly-run and luxurious establishments of its kind, it has a story worth telling. The life of the Adlon was relatively short. It was opened in 1907 with the Kaiser's blessing and virtually ceased to exist in 1945 after the Russians reached the city. Mrs. Hedda Adlon, widow of Louis Adlon, its proprietor and manager during its greatest days, has written the tale of the HOTEL ADLON (Barrie. 21s.) as she knew it and as it first came into being under the direction of her father-in-law. Naturally she has recalled anecdotes of some of the famous people who used to stay there, but Frau Adlon has also explained something of the running of the place itself and I thought that equally interesting. This book will probably evoke no nostalgia among English readers, but judged objectively as a document it has its own value.

BRIGHTER THAN A THOUSAND SUNS (Gollancz-Hart-Davis. 21s.), by Dr. Robert Jungk, is announced as *The Moral and Political History of the Atomic Scientists* and it deals with these exceptional beings as well as with the development of atomic energy during the past thirty-eight years. Although it would be difficult to imagine a subject of greater complexity—and I am naturally not speaking of the technical side—Dr. Jungk has achieved something quite extraordinary in that his book, which is necessarily long, is also clear to the layman and unquestionably exciting. Here you will find stories of the scientists' own reactions to the world threat as atomic energy became identified with atomic-bombs and as the incalculable risks increased, step by step. Many of these recorded events show great integrity on the part of the scientists. Some of them show amazing pettiness and at least one, tragedy. It is a book with an impact like a sledge-hammer and in spite of that, required reading.

MR. MASEFIELD'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY: The Poet Laureate celebrated his birthday at his home in Berkshire on June 1. An exhibition of his manuscripts, books and watercolours at The Times Bookshop, in London, closes today (June 14). It was opened on June 2 by Lord Bridges who is the son of Robert Bridges.

Dr. Lin Yutang has carried through a task of impressive scholarship with the publication of two new volumes, THE WISDOM OF CONFUCIUS (Michael Joseph. 21s.) and THE WISDOM OF LAOTSE (Michael Joseph. 21s.), both of which consist of the original writings of the philosophers, translated, edited and introduced by the writer and forming an admirable guide for the western reader to Confucianism and Taoism. I cannot think of anyone who could have presented or prefaced these books with more lucidity and I am astonished (not perhaps alone among readers) to find that, for the first time, I have some grasp of what these doctrines have stood for and on what written work they are based.

THE SHROUDS OF GLORY (Cassell. 25s.) consists of six studies in martyrdom, written by Mr. James Turner and owing only a little to that sixteenth-century best-seller, Foxe. The subjects which Mr. Turner has chosen are, with two exceptions, not the conventional or expected ones. He has divided his book, and his martyrs, into two classes: those of circumstance and those of agony. Into the first come St. Edmund, the Champion; Thomas Becket, the Artist, and Sir Thomas More, the Idealist. The second comprises Rowland Taylor, the Arguer; Henry Walpole, the Adventurer, and James Parnell, the Enthusiast. Of these, not every one is renowned but each has his claim to martyrdom and through the 800 years spanned by their histories they are examples of men who died for their proclaimed, though very different faiths.

From the rack, the irons and the fiery death at the stake to a peaceful book by an Englishwoman who has settled in Portugal and is there engaged in farming. "Nothing," she writes, "has so much in common in various parts of the world as agriculture and the attitude to life that accompanies it." THE HILLS OF ALENTOJO (Bles. 21s.) is an illustration of her belief and a demonstration of the fact that, if Miss Huldine V. Beamish can farm half as well as she writes of this remote, pastoral life, she has a very pretty success on her hands. Illustrated by photographs and a beautifully clear little map.

It is a demonstrable fact that there exist nowadays more juvenile delinquents than existed thirty years ago but I hope that it is not a frivolous comment that the case histories of imaginary young malefactors do not automatically make a good or even a readable novel. Mr. Anthony Bloomfield in THE DELINQUENTS (Hogarth Press. 15s.) has written sensitively and intelligently about the odd conduct of some pupils in a seaside day school for girls, their evil genius, a juvenile court magistrate and the adults whose lives, innocently or venally, touch these at some point. Well written, perceptive and thoroughly depressing.

Although there might be a number of reasons why STRANGERS IN THE LAND (Arco. 18s.) should be depressing too, it somehow is not. This long novel by M. Henri Troyat, translated from the French by Mr. Anthony Hinton, deals with Russian expatriates in Paris between the wars. It also deals with the problems of boys who must learn not only another language but another way of life and, most difficult of all, another loyalty. M. Troyat writes with a magnificent sweep and the vitality of his fiction with its solid background of fact removes his novel from the general melancholy of *emigré* literature.

THE LAND BEHIND GOD'S BACK (Heinemann. 16s.) is about the country that used to be known as Montenegro and is now just the south-west corner of Yugoslavia. Surprisingly, this poignant story of a country's sufferings through two world wars has been written by an author from the north, Mr. A. Den Doolaard, who has been well served by Mr. N. C. Bruinwold Riedel's translation from the original Dutch. The combination of northern romanticism with southern stoicism has succeeded, however, in providing a book that is unexaggerated in its sentiments but quite epic in its scale. Incidentally, it teaches one a great deal about the country of its setting.

Mr. Frederick Buechner's is a name to remember for he is on his way to becoming a really considerable novelist. THE RETURN OF ANSEL GIBBS (Chatto and Windus. 15s.) has no obvious attraction for anyone over here since it is concerned with Washington politics of the less reputable kind, and with that odd *genus*, the TV commentator, who may be even less commendable. All the same, it is a story to remember, enlivened by characters who, ethical or unethical, are all at least as real as a copy of the *Congressional Record*. Warmly recommended as an exercise in style and craftsmanship.

THE BITTER GLASS (Faber. 15s.), by Miss Eilis Dillon, is neither about detectives nor children in her two former manners, but a thoroughly Irish novel about a group of young people on holiday in the west of Ireland, cut off from their families, security or even news by the insurgents of the region. The period is 1922 and the writing is both emotional and almost domestically practical.

There is no writer quite like Miss Norah Lofts whose work always gives one the impression of such sincerity that the phrase "tongue in the cheek" would be treated by her as an archaic expression worthy of research. Her new book is SCENT OF CLOVES (Hutchinson. 15s.) and it is concerned with Indonesia in the seventeenth century and with the fairly melodramatic situation of an Irish orphan girl betrothed in a "glove marriage" to a rich man's son whom she has never seen. Wonderful evocation of the hot, half savage, half exquisite East Indian island and a far from banal story.

Vernon Fane

THE ROYAL SUBURB

I dote on old London, and Kensington (north of the Brompton Road) is for me *praeter omnes angulus*. I delight also in guide books—those at least which derive from genuine research, and do not merely repeat legends from Timbs or jocularly regard all ages but our own as "quaint." So I read with pleasure and profit (and shall keep) *Kensington*, by William Gaunt (Batsford. 25s.).

He treats, of course, of the great country houses, Holland House, Kensington Palace, Campden, Kingston and Gore Houses, and Holly Lodge, but he rightly assigns the development of this Royal borough to Victorian initiative and, indeed (with exceptions), taste. I should have liked to learn more of the cottage adjuncts to the Palace and Cumberland's stables north of the Green. I had supposed that Gore House grounds greatly exceeded three acres before the Blessington régime, and ran down to the Cromwell Road. I would have liked some reference to the deplorable state of the Kensington Road from the Turnpike or the Pillars of Hercules to the Palace; and if I had known of Mr. Gaunt's project, I would have sent him some letters from D'Orsay to my grandfather, Charles Gore, the young Commissioner of Woods and Forests, deploring its pot-holes, dangers and muck, and urging the liquidation of the notorious Half-Way-House inn, the resort of "*touts les pigs, vaches, vaux et vauriens.*" "*Il paroit, mon cher, que vous étiez destiné par la nature d'améliorer Kensington Gore,*" he wrote hopefully; but my grandfather achieved little in D'Orsay's time. There are charming illustrations, and Mr. Gaunt was helped by Lord Ilchester and made good use of Arthur Ponsonby's unpublished history of Kensington Square with special reference to Lady Ponsonby's, No. 17. He is good, too, on the Artists' quarter, but I always believed that Ellen Terry made her evasion from Watts from the Briary, Freshwater, which was his house, and later ours. I make no doubt that Kensington's Gore *was* a triangular patch, and that my own surname was first applied to a holder of one such odd patch in some "severals" (allotments). I have learned a lot from this pleasant, nostalgic and well-informed book, and if Mr. Gaunt means to "go it again," he shall have my D'Orsay letters.

THE ROAD TO THE GUILLOTINE

The Chairman of London Transport certainly has need of a recreation, if any man has, and Sir John Elliot has long pursued a very delightful and useful one. The French Revolution has all his life been his principal historical interest (as for me have been the '45 and the Waterloo campaigns). Whenever he could find the time, he spent his holidays in Paris identifying the surviving buildings and rooms that housed the actors in that fearful episode or re-creating those which have

WIFE TO NAPOLEON

The Letters of the Empress Marie-Louise

arie-Louise was eighteen when she married Napoleon in 1810. Inevitably the demands of military aigns meant long separations. Many of the eror's letters to his wife were published nearly a er of a century ago. However, the letters of the ress were not discovered until 1945—in the adotte archives in Sweden. Now her correspondence 813-1814 is available in English in MY DEAREST ISE, edited by Baron C.-F. Palmstierna (Methuen. . The letters bear out what Marie-Louise's portraits , she was a rather stupid and sensual young woman was at first dazzled and later bored by the Man of iny. Baron Palmstierna links the letters with historical mentary and very sensibly has included some of oleon's replies. This makes the book very readable for e not expert in the period. If it adds little new know- to the broad canvas of history, it is an essential for nderstanding of the two chief characters concerned.

On July 3, 1948, Caryll Chessman was condemned ath in California. Since then he has carried on a ten- struggle to postpone his execution. He has already ished two books about his long-drawn-out legal fight. third is THE FACE OF JUSTICE (Longmans. 18s.). points emerge. First, the book is a self-portrait of an ordinary character. Secondly, it is a damning tment of the whole system of capital punishment. r no other reasons it should be widely read.

Stansted, in Sussex, is the home of Lord Bessborough. A PLACE IN THE FOREST (Batsford. 10s. 6d.) tells the story of the house from the time of the alan Earls of Arundel, in the eleventh century, on ugh the periods of the Earls of Scarborough and ifax and into the present century to the Bess- oughs. Because the author is dramatist and man of rs in his own right, this is far above the standard he average country house history. It is enhanced by ntiful and good illustrations.

The appeal of THE OLD MAN AND THE BOY, Robert Ruark (Hamish Hamilton. 25s.), will depend whether one regards so-called rural sages as founts of dom or as bores. Mr. Ruark's Old Man takes the Boy hunt the fields and woods of North Carolina and to the waters there. The Boy believes his aged mentor nows pretty near close to everything." The reader st decide for himself whether he agrees.

Two excellent centennial books. In 1858 British lumbia was proclaimed a colony. Its development ough a hundred years is related in BRITISH OLUMBIA—*A Centennial Anthology* (McClelland and wart, Toronto. 5 dollars). R. E. Watters, the itor-in-Chief, deserves the highest praise. In various tions, with magnificent illustrations, the progress of itish Columbia is unfolded not only in politics and mmerce, but also in culture. This book must certainly d a wide public in Britain.

It was in 1857 that George Augustus Sala and a up of friends founded the Savage Club which held first annual meeting the following year. For decades e Savages have been recognised as a London institution. ROTHER SAVAGES AND GUESTS—*A History of e Savage Club*, 1857-1957, by Percy V. Bradshaw (W. H. len. 30s.), is a most entertaining volume. C. D.

en destroyed. As he worked, he replaced the men d women of the Revolution in their settings and told the famous episodes from the writings of Lenôtre, Michelet, Aulard, Thiers, Carlyle, Belloc and on to B. Morton. His maps and illustrations greatly assist e admirable lucidity of his guide-book history. It is very effective way in which to make history live again, d no episode better proves it than his re-setting of Charlotte Corday's cool and passionless murder of Marat. Danton, too, and Robespierre reassume human proportions under Sir John's treatment and, monsters f cruelty still, cease to be impossible creations of a ightmare. Modern Paris, like modern London (or, deed, like a discovered Roman villa), can still tell us ore of the truths of history and of the way of life of ur forebears than can contemporary writings and herited legends. There is a great deal of value and citement in THE WAY OF THE TUMBRILS, by ohn Elliot (Max Reinhardt. 18s.). It makes history ve; and only an imaginative approach can succeed in oing that. But it cannot, of course, in all senses of the ord, be called history without tears. For it deals with erhaps the most tragic episode in European history; nd the rumble of the tumbril still dominates the march f world history. Sir John, I am sure, has material ith which to write another volume on the more exten- ve lines of Madame Rochegude's *Guide Pratique à ravers le Vieux Paris*.

John Gore.

"LEAVE THY DAMNABLE FACES AND BEGIN": Hamlet, played by Michael Redgrave, adjures Lucianus (centre foreground) to stop miming in so exaggerated a fashion and proceed with the dumb-show in the Play Scene of the murder of the King. The Player King lies on the ground with the Player Queen standing above him. The mime, Hamlet hopes, will arouse the "conscience of the king," Claudius, seated centre rear with Gertrude. The parts are played by Mark Dignam and Googie Withers respectively. Seated on the left in white is Ophelia, played by Dorothy Tutin in this production at Stratford upon Avon of Shakespeare's tragedy. Mr. Redgrave, who played Hamlet at the Old Vic in London and at Elsinore eight years ago, presents a Hamlet caught in a web of events, whose intelligence allows him alone of the characters in the play to appreciate the subtlety and inevitability of the trap in which he is caught. It is in the nature of a Revenge Tragedy of the classic Elizabethan type that the hero should be perceptive of the consequences of his actions; otherwise he will appear as a "damned villain." The polished production is by Glen Byam Shaw.

MORE THAN "A SHOW OF WOE": Googie Withers as Gertrude attempts to discover why Hamlet presents so melancholy an appearance to the world. Alone of the opulently-dressed court he still wears mourning.

REDGRAVE'S HAMLET AT STRATFORD

"FAREWELL, OPHELIA": Laertes (Edward Woodward) asks his sister not to take Hamlet's attentions seriously. Behind them is Polonius (Cyril Luckham).

"FANTASTICALLY DRESSED WITH STRAWS AND FLOWERS": Ophelia, distracted by the death of her father, killed by Hamlet, offers a flower to the queen Gertrude.

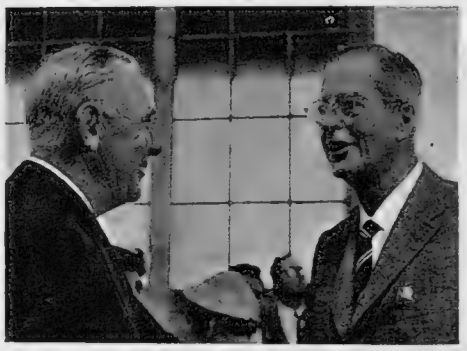
A YACHT ON WHICH AMERICAN HOPES MAY BE PINNED: *Columbia* has entered the water after her launch from City Island, in New York. She is one of the four American yachts scheduled to take part next month in the trials from which the defender of the America's Cup will be chosen. Britain's challenger, *Sceptre*, is already well advanced in her preparations.

DEFENDER OF AMERICA'S CUP?

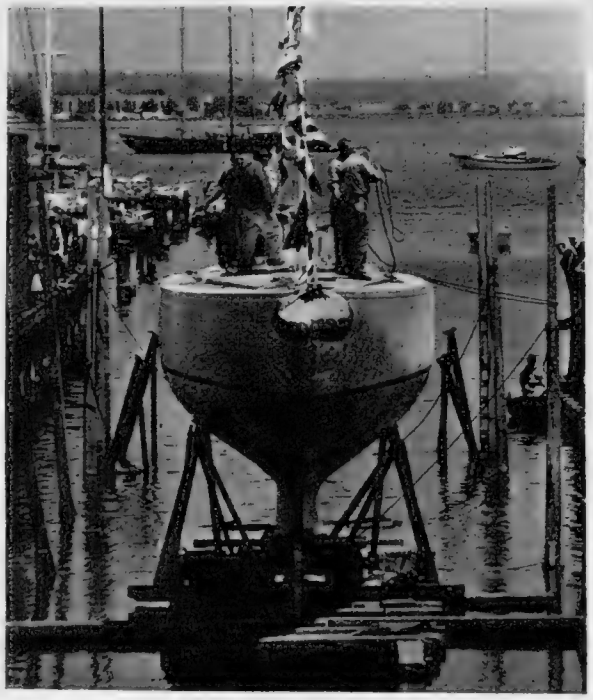
The Launch in New York of A Possible Rival to "Sceptre"

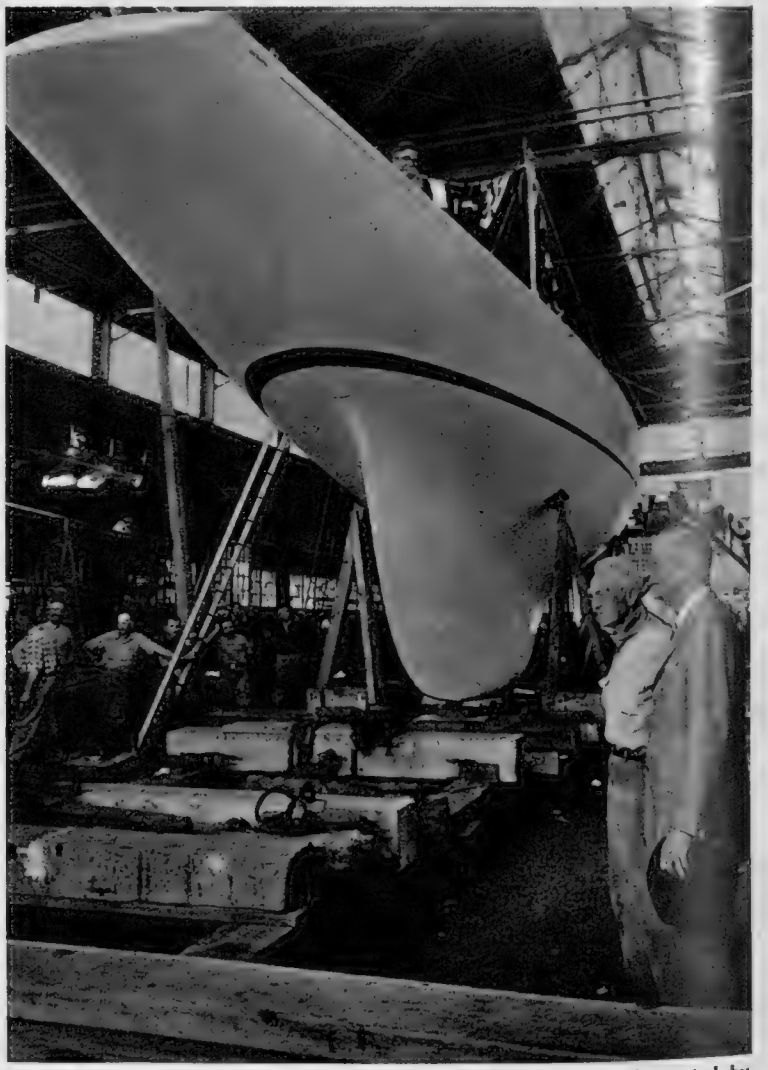
It will be some weeks before the name will be known of the defender accepting the challenge of Britain's *Sceptre* in the America's Cup. The Americans are holding eliminating trials for four yachts, starting in mid-July, from which the choice will be made. One craft is to be the veteran *Vim*, the other three will be newly-built Twelves. One of them, *Columbia*, was launched from City Island, New York, last week. Constructed of mahogany from Honduras and the Philippines, *Columbia* is painted snow-white. Her overall length is 69 ft. 7 ins., with a 45-ft. water-line, and 12-ft. beam and 8-ft. draught. The yacht's mast is of aluminium and she will have a sail area of 1,900 ft. Her cost is estimated at around £107,000. America's other two new "possibles" for the defence of the Cup—*Easterner* and *Weatherly*—had still to be launched when *Columbia* entered the water.

Since the race for the Cup is to be held in September, it may seem that the defenders are not allowing themselves a great deal of time for their preparations. Certainly so far, they have lagged behind the challengers. *Sceptre* was launched at the beginning of April and sailed almost immediately to the Solent. Her current trials with her pace-maker *Evaine* are being watched with the greatest interest. Next month she is due to be shipped to the United States, from where her crew and all concerned with her have great hopes that the yacht will bring back the coveted trophy to Great Britain for the first time in 107 years.

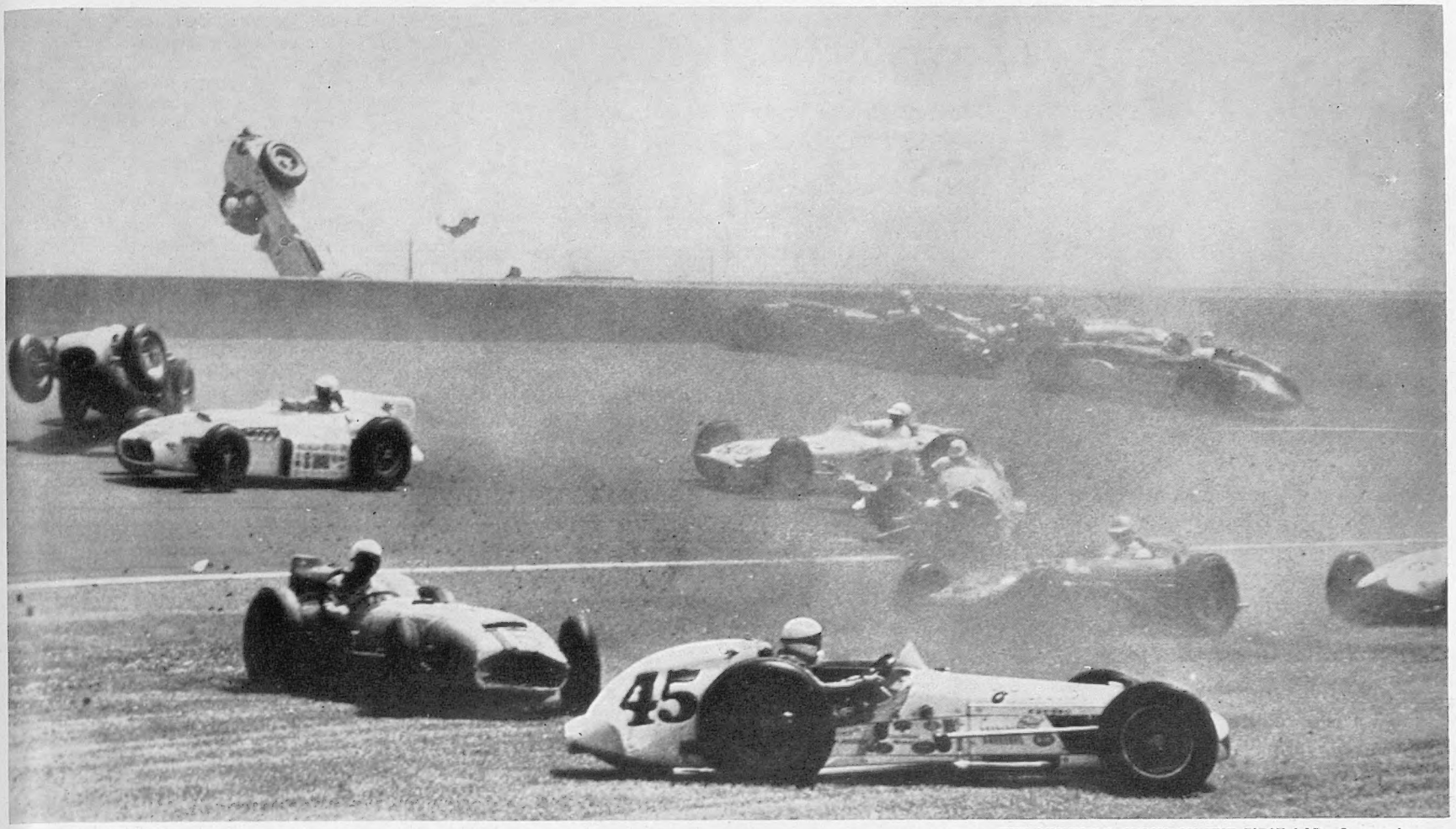


THE LAST DEFENDER: Mr. H. S. Vanderbilt (left), who retained the Cup for America with his *Ranger* in the last contest in 1937, talks with Mr. Ratsey, the sailmaker, on City Island.





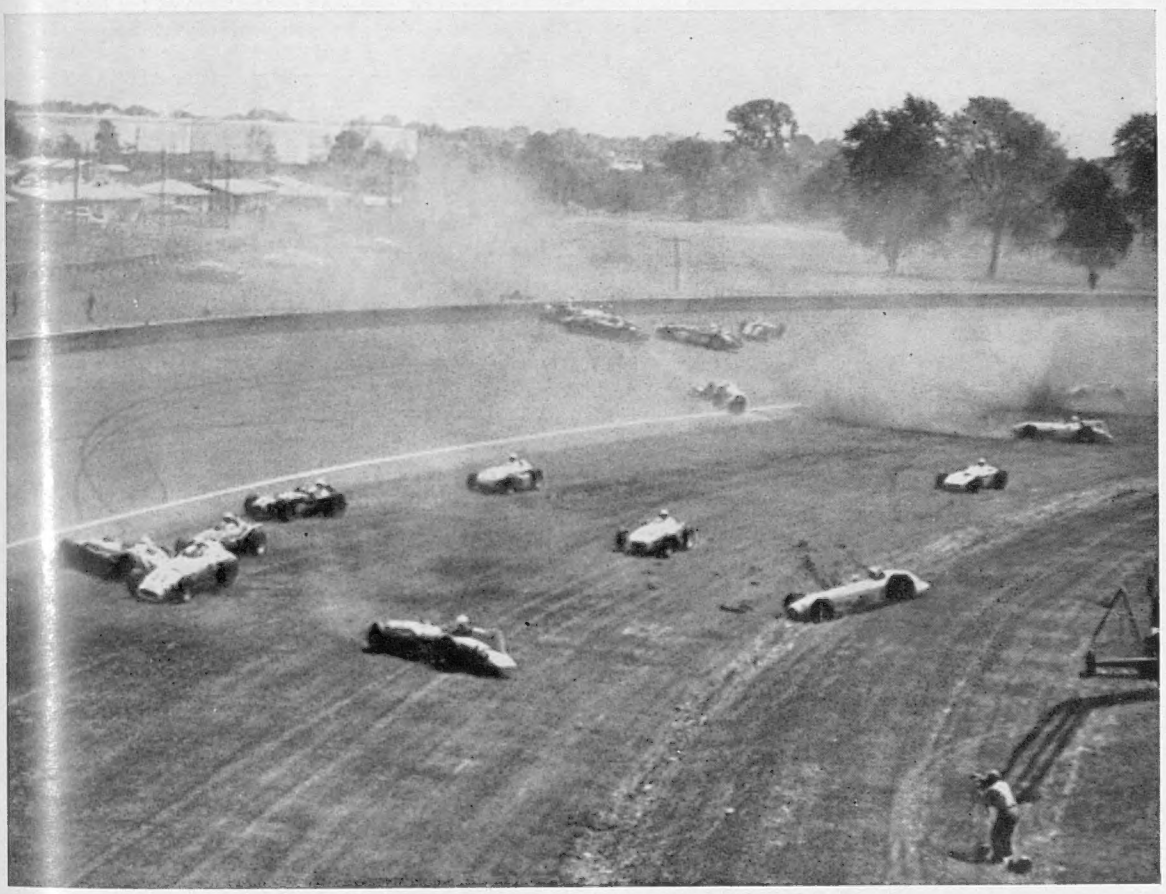
BEFORE THE LAUNCHING: The snow-white hull of *Columbia* is inspected by Mr. Vanderbilt. *On left*—The yacht stands on the stocks ready for her launching. Built of mahogany from Honduras and the Philippines, she was to be fitted with an aluminium mast allowing a 1,900-ft. sail area.



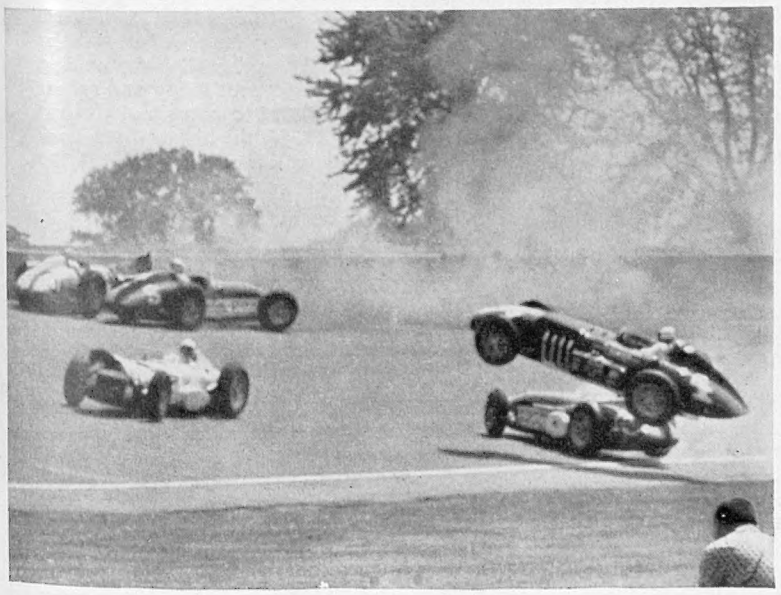
THE MULTIPLE CRASH ON THE FIRST LAP: Cars spin out of control on the north-east corner of the Indianapolis race track in America during the 500-mile classic on Memorial Day. The McKay Special, driven by Jerry Unser, after it had crashed into the back of another car, somersaults over the concrete fence (rear). The cars piled up after Ed Elisian, in a John Zink Special, attempted to pass Dick Rathman in a McNamara Special (the totally wrecked car, centre right) on the inside of the bend. His car spun out of control and the two collided. Pat O'Connor, in a Sumar, was unable to avoid them, hit another car (a John Zink Special, driven by Jimmy Reece), overturned and burst into flames in the middle of the track. Pat O'Connor, one of America's leading drivers who had driven last year in the race at Monza, in Italy, was killed. Thirteen cars were involved in the mishap. The Indianapolis 500-mile-race is run over a $2\frac{1}{2}$-mile track, with banked corners. This year there were thirty-three cars in the field, which got away to a ragged start, with Dick Rathman, who had made the fastest qualifying lap at 145·974 m.p.h., in the number one starting position. Less than a minute after the cars had roared away a yellow flag, the signal warning drivers of an accident, was being waved. When the cars came back into sight at the starting-line thirteen were missing. For twenty-nine minutes the cars were slowed down. The race was won by Jimmy Bryan in a Belond Special, the same car which won last year, at an average speed of 133·791 m.p.h.

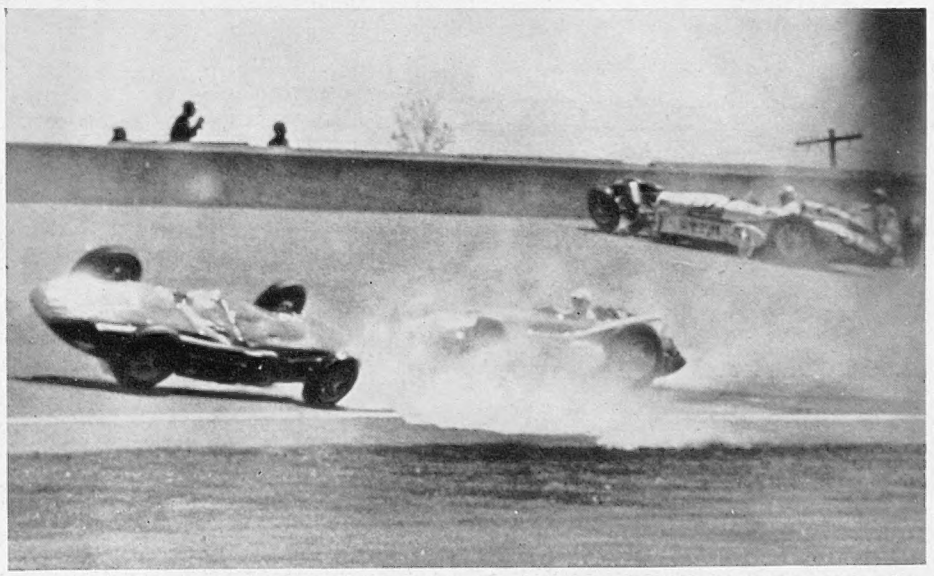
THE RISKS OF MOTOR RACING

Thirteen Cars in a Multiple Crash in America's Classic 500-Mile Motor Race



THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT: Cars litter the track and the infield (this side of the white line) shortly after the pile-up on the first lap. Behind the wall at the rear is the car driven by Jerry Unser, which had somersaulted over it.





BEFORE BURSTING INTO FLAMES: The Sumar Special, driven by Pat O'Connor, turns over after colliding with the John Zink Special driven by Jimmy Reece (centre). Pat O'Connor was killed in the flames. *On left*—The Sumar Special leaps into the air as it is hit. For each lap there is a prize for the leader. Thus there is fierce competition during the whole race.

KEEPING THE MOTORIST HAPPY

The Business of Spare Parts; All About Tyres; The New Hillman Husky Estate Car; Officers of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders; British Racing Victory in Holland

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

FROM time to time one still hears the odd complaint from motorists unable to get ready delivery of replacement parts for relatively new cars. But on the whole the situation is very much better than it was even a few years ago. The Big Five—B.M.C., Ford, Vauxhall, Rootes and Standard—have all paid careful attention to this side of their business for some time past. They have spent large sums of money on new premises where huge stocks of replacement parts are stored and handled under the most modern systems.

They try to ensure that they have, readily available, every conceivable part likely to be required by owners of any of the models they have built over a long period of years. How vitally important this is ! Thousands of motorists in Britain have undoubtedly transferred their allegiance from one make of car to another for no reason other than that they could not get a simple replacement part. The goodwill wrapped up in this business of spare parts is enormous. The profit margin on spares is good, too. So much so, that it 's a wonder some firms have not devoted more attention to this side of the business in past years.

The Big Five now insist that every dealer carries a reasonable stock of spares; and they have vastly improved their organisation for getting speedily to dealers all over the world all the replacement parts needed to maintain their local stocks and to meet urgent demands for spares not normally kept in stock. I have already written about the big centralised spares depot set up at Cowley, Oxon, for the entire British Motor Corporation and about a similar establishment built at Aveley, Essex, as a feature of the Ford Motor Co.'s £65,000,000 expansion programme.

I have recently paid an interesting first visit to the new Vauxhall parts and accessories department at Dunstable, Beds. This is now in full operation. It is the last of the major projects in Vauxhall's £36,000,000 expansion programme. Costing £3,000,000, it has a total covered area of more than 500,000 sq. ft. and accommodates some 30,000 different kinds of spares. They range from the tiniest bolt to a complete car body. Their total value is over £8,000,000.

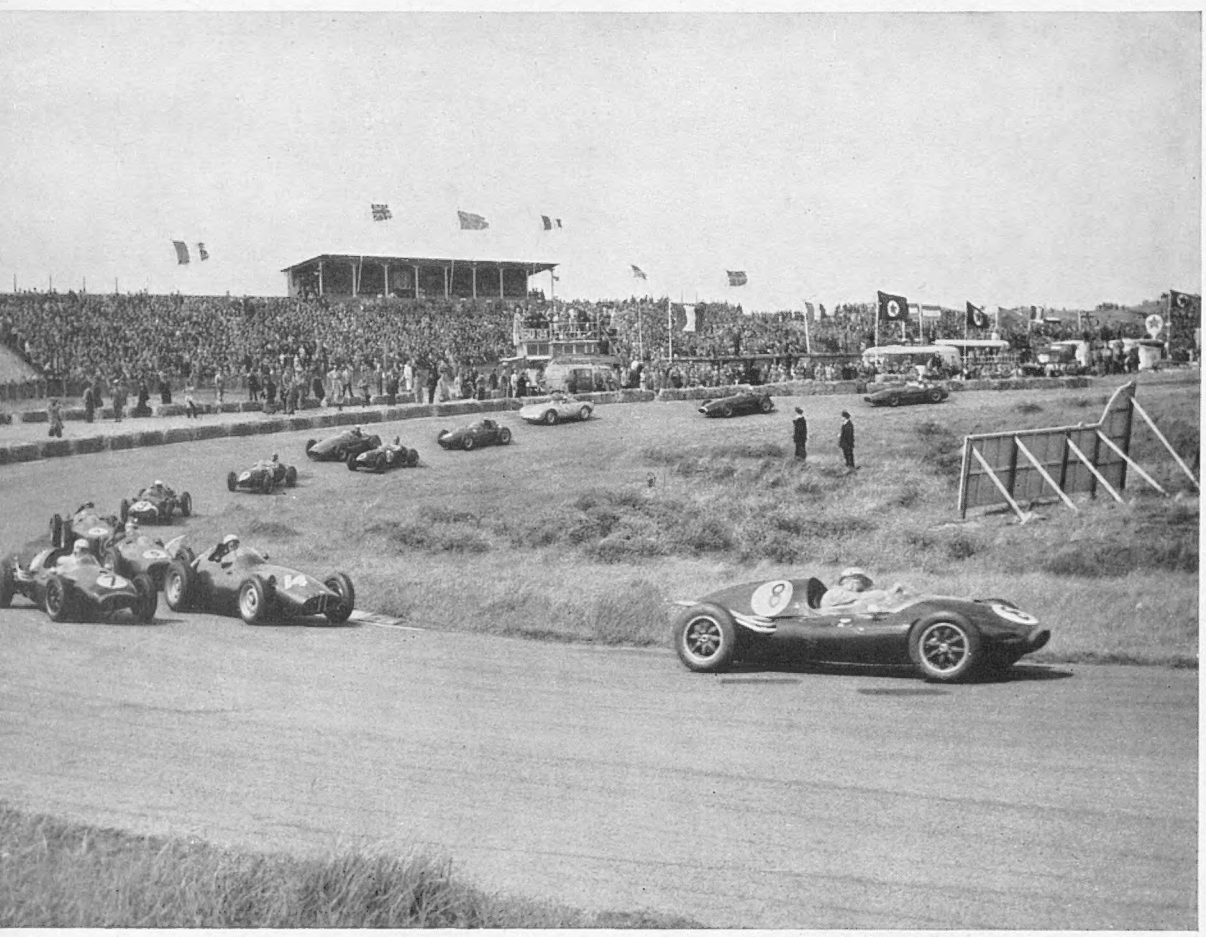
It is an education to walk in this cathedral-like building, up and down aisles, on either side of which tier upon tier of tightly-packed bins rise like cliffs. Everything is so tidy, everything so neatly labelled and docketed. It has to be, of course, to prevent nightmare confusion and pandemonium. But this vast storehouse of exhaust pipes and crown wheels, valve guides and universal joints, seats and fan belts, must be studied in conjunction with the 70,000 sq. ft. office block, where 325 people control the ordering, progress and despatch of Vauxhall parts.

To do this complex job efficiently and quickly they have the use of some of the latest electronic computing machines and mechanical systems which punch holes in cards and on strips of paper yards long to make sure that the right parts go to the right dealers and that the men in charge of the warehouse know at any time how many sumps, gear-boxes and crankshafts they still have in stock. From this multiple store go out 170 tons of replacement parts every working day. Three hundred telephone calls and 10 cwt. of mail are dealt with every day as sixty trucks feed the bins daily with 180 tons of parts and accessories.

One of the things that motorists take for granted nowadays is the tyre. Stop any motorist at random, and it 's an even chance he won't even know if his car is fitted with tubeless tyres or with the " old-fashioned " combination of outer cover and inner tube. It 's odds on that he never bothers to check his pressures and that he leaves this job for his garage man to see to when he has his periodical lubrication service. And if his car is less than a year old, it 's almost certain he has never had a puncture with it.

I thought of these things when I read a report of a recent lecture by Mr. L. J. Lambourn, manager of Dunlop's tyre design division. He was speaking at Leicester under the auspices of the Institution of the Rubber Industry. He pointed out that before the Kaiser War tyres were made for only four types of vehicle: pedal cycles, motor-cycles, cars and a small range of aircraft. To-day, they were made for more than thirty types, from bicycles to bulldozers. During the past forty years, he said, tyre width had doubled, rim diameter had nearly halved and inflation pressures were down to less than half.

Although the tyre industry had " grown up " on natural rubber, said Mr. Lambourn, synthetic alternatives had been discovered which in some respects out-performed natural rubber. The Dunlop expert touched on the subject of pneumatic and rubber suspensions, in which his firm is known to be greatly interested. They were not expected, he said, to have any immediate effect on tyre requirements, although there would be an increasing tendency for tyres, air springs and dampers to be designed as one suspension unit.



DUTCH GRAND PRIX WON BY STIRLING MOSS : The circuit at Zandvoort, Holland, showing cars negotiating one of the bends during the race which was won by Stirling Moss in a Vanwall. *On right*—The British driver is seen taking a bend ahead of the rest of the field which he led throughout. The race was a great triumph for Britain in that the Vanwall, two B.R.M.s and a Cooper finished in front of the fastest Italian Ferrari.

Dunlop, by the way, is one of two more tyre firms who have lately announced new high-speed covers. The Dunlop offering is a new version of the firm's Road Speed tyre, with extra strong all-nylon casing and a new synthetic rubber tread. It is intended for high-speed production cars, of which there are now many models in the 100 m.p.h. class. The nylon construction of this new tyre—the R.S.4—is claimed to give maximum safety against high-speed bursts. It is estimated that the synthetic rubber used for the ribbed tread gives a grip on wet roads that is 30 per cent. better than compounds formerly used in high-speed tyres.

Then there 's the new Avon Turbospeed, a tyre based on those evolved for use by the successful Aston Martin racing cars. With suitable pressures it can be used for speeds up to 150 m.p.h. The Avon racing tyre has been modified to meet the additional requirements of normal road use. For example, the greater permissible weight of tread improves the tyre's mileage life.

Here 's a bit of sound advice from the R.A.C.: take care when driving over newly-tarred road surfaces. Many shattered windscreens have been traced to flying stones thrown up by cars travelling fast on roads freshly treated. There are usually advance signs warning motorists of this kind of road work and we should all do well to heed them. Apart from the risk of broken screens, tar or bitumen thrown up on to the bodywork of a car can cause a lot of trouble.

The new Hillman Husky estate car is a greatly-improved vehicle. It looks better, has more room inside, handles better and benefits enormously from the use of the larger Minx engine of 1,390 c.c.

I haven't the room to give a full road test report on this eager little double-duty car, but I should like to say that for £698 17s., including tax, it offers motoring value not surpassed in any other car I know, inside or outside the Rootes' Group range.

Mr. Reay Geddes, a managing director of the Dunlop Rubber Company, and the youngest son of the late Sir Eric Geddes, is the new president of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. He takes over from Mr. Alick Dick, managing director of the Standard Motor Company, whose year of office has been outstandingly successful. Mr. Geddes, who was a vice-president of the S.M.M.T. last year, joined the Dunlop company in 1935. During the war he served with the R.A.F., whose Volunteer Reserve he had joined as a pilot in 1937.

The Society's new vice-presidents are Mr. J. M. A. Smith (assistant managing director of the Ford Motor Co.) and Mr. M. L. Breeden (joint managing director of Wilmot-Breeden Ltd.). Mr. Geoffrey Rootes, managing director of the manufacturing division of the Rootes Group, was re-elected honorary treasurer for a second year.

They took office at a time when the industry, although bedevilled by the senseless strike (since settled) at the new Swindon plant of the Pressed Steel body-building firm, was still breaking new car production and export records. During April 81,255 cars were built—an average weekly output of 20,314, the highest figure ever attained in April. The value of car exports—£14,656,000—was higher than in any previous April.

I hope Stirling Moss consolidates his position at the head of the world championship table when he competes in the Belgian Grand Prix at Spa to-day. He drove magnificently in the Dutch Grand Prix at Zandvoort to win in his Vanwall and set up a new lap record. After their failure at Monte Carlo in an earlier championship event it was disappointing to see two Vanwalls drop out at Zandvoort, but it is to be hoped that with two championship races behind them their reliability has been increased.

Where to Get Service at Night is the title of a useful new A.A. booklet now available to members from any A.A. office. It tells at a glance what garages, filling stations, cafes and restaurants in Britain remain open for twenty-four hours a day or until midnight.

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